

---

**MONTFORD CASTLE.**

**A NOVEL.**

---



Louisa Louther (Hinton)

THE CASTLE

1877

THE CASTLE

THE CASTLE

THE CASTLE



A NOVEL

THE CASTLE

# MONTFORD CASTLE;

OR THE

## KNIGHT OF THE WHITE ROSE.

---

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE  
ELEVENTH CENTURY.

---

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis,  
Alteram sortem bene preparatum  
Pectus. Informes Hyemes reducit  
Jupiter; idem  
Summovet: Non, si male nunc, et olim  
Sic erit.

Hor.

---

---

IN TWO VOLUMES. — VOL. II.

---

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY, NO. 4, STATIONERS'  
COURT, LUDGATE STREET.



MONTPELIER CASTLE



KNIGHT OF THE WHITE ROSE

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE  
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

By  
ALFRED, LORD DUNSTON  
Author of 'The White Rose' and 'The Black Rose'  
London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.  
1904.

VOL. II

LONDON

PRINTED BY GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD., STATIONERS,  
11, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

## MONTFORD CASTLE.

### CHAP. I.

WHILE these things were transacting in the wood, a great many circumstances took place at the castle, which we shall now detail.

When the morning returned, and the baron's brain cooled from the effects of the preceding day's potation, he began to feel some compunction for the violence of his behaviour. He had never before, however furious his temper, struck either of his children; and his own pride was wounded by the very outrage himself had



committed. He strove in vain to justify his conduct to himself; he found no applauding sentiment in his own breast, and suffered, for a while, the horrors of self-condemnation; which, when they occur to a mind naturally haughty and prone to offend, give a degree of acute pain, which those of a contrary description never feel.

At length he rose, determined to go to his daughter, and endeavour by calm persuasion, and gentle exertions, to bend her to a compliance with his wishes; but, at all events, to take from her person the restraint he had so unjustly imposed. He was the more induced to this step, by an observation he had made, that, since Rosalind had been thus immured, Cynthia had endeavoured to recommend herself to Beauchamp, in so open a manner, and with so shameless an indifference to observation, that it was the common talk of the guests of the castle.

There was a youth among them, named Longprée, of small consequence, either

in



in respect of family, or achievements in war:—but he was gay, debonnaire, witty, and, among his companions, the referee in all disputes about etiquette, gallantry, and the mode. He was more esteemed than a braver, richer, or wiser man; and, as he was moderate enough never to aspire to be much respected, he always escaped contempt.

—He had, soon after his arrival at the castle, felt a passion for Cynthia; and, since Rosalind had been locked up, had ventured to disclose it to her. She had no idea of favouring his hopes, because she was much engaged, at the time, in other pursuits; but as she did not think him a man like to do himself, or any one else, a mischief on account of love; and as she knew he might be of use to her, she, after some deliberation, resolved to make him acquainted with her projects, as far as they related to Beauchamp.

She began by representing to him how improvident an alliance their's must be, when neither side could produce either



wealth or family to justify the steps that without property, and without interest, they must lead an obscure and miserable life; a fate, whose severity even his merit could not mollify. She then proceeded to pay him a great number of compliments; and, to introduce what she was about to mention, made many comparisons between him and Beauchamp, greatly to the advantage of the bearer.—After this she stated the nature of her views on Hugh, and how they were impeded by the passion he had declared for her cousin; that she was sure his attempts there would be unsuccessful, as her heart was, to her knowledge, pre-engaged:—she concluded, by pointing out a way in which her admirer might assist her in her projects; and hinting how much would be in her power, should they succeed; and how probable it was, that a comparison between his merit and Beauchamp's might produce, in her breast, every sentiment in his favour which he himself could wish.

Her

Her eloquence was not thrown away. Longprée was convinced by the former, and flattered by the latter, of her observations; he saw it very probable that her match with Beauchamp might be productive of great benefit to him, if he was instrumental in promoting it, which he forthwith resolved to be; and for that purpose paid him particular court. He soon found opportunities enough of singing forth the praises of the lady Cynthia, and of insinuating, that she was dying for love of him. He never praised her, but with some invidious comparison with Rosalind; and frequently declared, that were he master of an empire, he should glory in laying it at the feet of Cynthia; but that her cousin was hardly fit to be her handmaid.

At other times he would insinuate, that the difference of their probable fortunes, in respect to their relationship to the baron, caused the distinction Beauchamp made between them; this difference he would rally very successfully;



fully; and the other, who had a great share of purse pride combined with his arrogance, never failed to laugh heartily at these allusions to the poverty of his host.

These attacks often repeated, and seconded by the constant attentions, and alternate gay, and despondent indications of passion, which Cynthia took care he should perceive, at length produced something like the desired effect. He had never loved Rosalind, and therefore, had not pride interfered, would have found no difficulty in giving her up; more especially, as he found some of his friends sneer at his ill success. He longed to convince them that he could always command the heart and hand of a fair lady; but, little versed in expedients, and considering himself bound by the proposal he had made to the baron, he made no efforts to get released from it; though his behaviour gave to Cynthia evident symptoms that her plot was in a fair way to succeed: she was so solicitous to

to cherish the sentiments she fancied she had discovered, that she gave him such open encouragement, the baron himself could not help perceiving it.

The anger with which this discovery inspired him, co-operating with the wine he had drank, produced that fury in his mind which had marked his behaviour the night before: but the recollection of that, and of the circumstance of Cynthia, whose present conduct he so much disapproved, being the only accuser of his child, and a degree of contempt he began to feel for Beauchamp, produced together such a revolution in his sentiments, that he resolved, if he could not prevail, by fair and gentle means, on Rosalind to adopt his views, to give them up, rather than persist in making her unhappy to no purpose.

Full of this determination he unlocked the door of her chamber, and called her by her name, before he would enter: finding she returned no answer, and imputing her silence to his own rigor, he



went in, and approached the bed. His surprize was unspeakable at finding the bed deserted; nor could he comprehend how Rosalind could have made her escape. The windows were small, and a great height from the ground, and still remained fastened on the inside. He saw the bed stained with the blood which had flowed from the damsel's nose, which, taking for his daughter's, completed his horror. He rushed out of the room, to go to Cynthia, to inquire how Rosalind could have got out, and to confer with her on the subject, which gave the damsel, who lay concealed in a large chest, an opportunity of escaping to her own room, where she carefully concealed her lady's cloaths, and placed herself in bed, as if she had been there all night.

When Cynthia heard of her cousin's being gone, she readily conceived that her damsel must, some how or other, have been accessory; she, therefore, went into her chamber, and began to interrogate her about it; but she counterfeited

surprize

surprize so well at first hearing of it, and persisted in denying it, with so many natural instances of conscious innocence, and clearness of all idea of the fact, that Cynthia, who came prepared to condemn, nay, who had pronounced her sentence in her own mind, was impressed with a thorough conviction of her not being acquainted, in any manner, with the transaction. She made her rise, and join her uncle, who was now waiting for them. His surprize had given way to rage, and he was vowing unlimited vengeance against her, and all who had abetted her.—They now went together into her apartment, and the damsel was fully revenged for the blow she had received, for, pointing to the stained couch with great apparent horror, and looking, with peculiar expression, at her master, “Here’s blood,” said she;—and then, seeming to ruminate a while, she added, “I remember I heard “a noise in the room, just after I left it “last night.”

These words agonized the baron, for he knew his own violent temper afforded



ed some room for suspicions; and, though he felt innocent of the imputation they inferred, he could not bring himself to give a true account of the appearance which produced them. He ordered the the damsel out of the room, then, locking the door, put the key in his pocket, and charging her not to say a word of what had happened, till further orders, they all departed.

Left to himself, he spent some time in fruitless conjectures, and the first resolution he could hit on, was, to order Launcelot to take a horse and a party of servants to seek his daughter one way, and dispatch his son in quest of her another: but here again he was disappointed; for the person he sent to Launcelot, after awhile, returned, and told him the squire was not to be found; and presently after, a man, employed about the stables, came in, and, with every indication of fear, informed him that his favourite charger, and best palfrey were gone.

These

These various accounts inflamed his temper to the highest pitch; for, joining them together, he just made out that Launcelot was party to his daughter's flight, and that, having the advantage of so much time and his best horses, they were, by now, out of reach of pursuit. The loss of the cattle was not the least of his griefs, for the replacing them would drink deep into his shallow purse, and he knew not how to do without them.

He was immersed in these reflections, when he chanced to meet with Longprée; and, desirous of some person whose advice he could lean on, he disclosed to that youth all his difficulties, and solicited his counsel in the business. He was already apprized, by Cynthia, of almost all the baron communicated, but heard him with the same appearance of surprize, as if the whole matter had been novel to him; and after pausing some time, during which he was repeatedly and impatiently asked, what he



he thought of the business, he at length was proceeding, in a circuitous manner, to hint to the baron, the affection which he fancied subsisted between his niece and Beauchamp, when he interrupted him, by declaring he knew it perfectly well.

“ If you know this, my dear friend,” said he, “ I cannot conceive where your difficulty lies. The same advantage attends the union of Beauchamp with your niece, as would with your daughter, if you put this last out of the question; and, after the step she has taken, I cannot see how you can do otherwise. Thus will her own conduct be her own punishment, and you, instead of being embarrassed by her departure, will be released from the difficult task of promoting a match, which both the parties would now oppose; for, to my certain knowledge, Beauchamp is so much disgusted at Rosalind’s indifference and resistance, that nothing but his respect and affection for you have,  
for

" for a long time past, kept him to his  
 " former proposals ; and I do not hesitate  
 " to declare, that your proposing to him  
 " your niece will meet his immediate  
 " approbation, and very much increase  
 " all his friendly sentiments towards  
 " you."

The baron declared his approbation of  
 his advice, and resolved to follow it with-  
 out delay.

CHAP.



“for a long time past, I have not been able to  
 “form any plan, and I do not hesitate  
 “to declare, that your proposal to him  
 “your niece will meet his immediate  
 “approbation.”

## CHAP. II.

THE first opportunity which offered, the baron took Beauchamp apart, and imparted to him Rosalind's flight, and what he had been able to discover of the manner of it. He deplored the necessity under which it laid him, of declining what he should have esteemed his greatest glory, an alliance with his so worthy friend. He said he should never consider himself without a daughter, while his dear niece was left him; that he absolutely renounced the ungrateful fugitive; but dared not, after the indignity she had put upon him, (Beauchamp), court the honor of an union with him through his niece. He hoped, however, the disappointment would make no breach of friendship between them; and assured him, as nothing could

could heighten, so he trusted nothing a foolish girl could do would give occasion to decrease, his regard for him.

Longprece had already mentioned to Beauchamp the event which had taken place; and this silly youth had gleaned, from his informant's conversation, a silly jest, which he was determined to break with the baron on the occasion: endeavouring, therefore, to look exceedingly arch, and affecting to suppress a smile, he having waited impatiently for the end of his speech, thus answered him:

“It appears to me, my very worthy friend, that your daughter Rosalind, taking herself away in this manner, has had it at heart to bilk both you and me: you she has bilked of a daughter, and two palfries; me of a wife and a long repentance. You repair the loss of your daughter, by the adoption of your niece; but the horses, and the wife still remain. Now suppose, to counterplot her, you give me Cynthia for a wife, I will give you a charger, and a milk  
“white



"white palfrey; and so all things will be  
"set to rights: the runaway will be the  
"only loser, and she will live to rue the  
"action, unless she dies very young."

The baron affected to laugh very heartily at this jocular speech, and Beauchamp joined his mirth without affectation. At first the baron seemed to consider the whole proposal as a jest; but, in the course of conversation, Hugh found means to persuade him he was very much in earnest, and to get from him a permission, as soon as his niece should have given her consent, to write to his father, and a promise of the same dower, he had set apart for Rosalind.

We have already stated, that the baron's son had no great affection for his sister, at least he had never shewn much of it; but now he could not be so inattentive, to what he considered the honor of the family, as to let all these transactions pass unnoticed. He saw through the finesse of Cynthia's behaviour, in first incensing her uncle against Rosalind; and

and then taking advantage of the distance in which she had caused her to be placed, to supplant her in the heart of Beauchamp; he disapproved of the precipitancy with which the match between these two was about to be huddled up, and determined to remonstrate with his father on the subject.

He found the baron, in the midst of the success of his projects, dissatisfied with them, with himself, and with every thing about him; he appeared to rejoice in Bertram's presence, yet not to court his conversation, for he saw, by his manner, that the youth's mind was a mirror in which he would see his own actions represented with uncommon deformity. Bertram saw that he should not obtain a welcome hearing, yet resolved to speak his purpose.

He began, by proffering his services to go out in search of his sister; and represented that, probably, if she were found, she might give some reasons for her conduct which would make him repent his rashness.



rashness, in casting her off as an alien before he should have properly viewed her motive. At all events, he said, the discarding her did not require him to bar every avenue of future kindness, by adopting, and endowing, his niece. He then touched on the impropriety of her behaviour, and did not hesitate to pronounce her ungrateful, for the protection and favor she had received, and an enemy to the family. He concluded by a comparison between her and Rosalind, so much to the advantage of the latter, that, through his pride, he touched his father's feelings, and he could not restrain a tear, which his son's zeal, in behalf of his sister, wrung from him.

This, however, was no more than a momentary sensation. Interest bound him to the arrangement he had made; and, though he could not be angry with Bertram, he could not second his views, or permit his exertions.

Cynthia had been applied to by Beauchamp, and, with great affectation of self-denial,

denial, and making a great merit of her submission to her uncle, had consented to be his; and Hugh had dispatched a special messenger to his father for his consent. Of this the baron informed his son, and added, that out of the money to be received on the occasion, Beauchamp was to advance him so much as would enable him to redeem the mortgage on his estate, and put the various parts of it in a flourishing condition. He then endeavoured to work himself up into a rage against his daughter, and again, and again, renounced all affection for and care about her:—declaring that, so far from troubling himself to seek or send after her, the only chance now left her of obtaining any footing in his good graces, was by becoming a nun. Bertram, seeing the ill success of his mediation, forbore to urge the subject any further. The now fortunate lover, Beauchamp, had no resources in his own mind against— he had no notion of those elegant gallantries, by which the time, that inter-

venes



venes between the declaration of mutual passion and the matrimonial consummation, is rendered the most truly happy part of existence. He had won his wife without wooing; he fancied his own merit had inspired the passion she felt, and that that alone, without the exertion of either talents, or graces, was sufficient to keep it constantly alive. Yet as he was now, by his more intimate connexion with the family, in a manner set apart from the other guests, he found himself so exceedingly out of his element, that he listened with greedy ear to a hint, given him by his friend and confidant Longpré, that it would be glorious for his mistress, honourable to himself, and an acceptable compliment to the baron, to maintain her pre-eminence in beauty by a public challenge; and to appoint a day, when any knight, disposed to put his lady in competition with her, might appear, and, by an amicable joust, decide the point. *But* Nothing could be more agreeable to Beauchamp than this proposal: confident

in

in arms, in which he really was skilful, and in which he hoped, with reason, to shine unrivalled, vain-glorious, and sanguine, he made no doubt he should render the lady he honoured with his hand the envy of the circumjacent country.

He forthwith got his friend to pen his challenge, gave it to heralds to distribute among the neighbouring towns, and while this was doing, they sat down to plan a device for his arms, and to adjust the necessary preparatory ceremonials.

The intelligence of this challenge was brought to our hero soon after its being issued. One of his men happening to be at a town near the wood, purchasing some necessary, heard the heralds from Montford castle making proclamation of it, and brought it, among other news, to the recess of the outlaws.

Edmund was astonished beyond expression at this event: Beauchamp's sudden change from Rosalind to her cousin; her approbation of it; the baron's sanction of it; the whole of the proceedings were



perfectly mysterious. Launcelot, who alone could have given him any information on the subject, was that day gone out in the lieutenant's party, and he was left alone best part of the day to ruminate on the business. He longed to enter the lists, and dispute the prize of beauty on behalf of his adored Rosalind, against this haughty challenger and his elated mistress. He revolved innumerable plans, all of which he rejected as not feasible, and too full of personal danger. He cursed, in the bitterness of his heart, all the circumstances, and all those who had produced those circumstances which now compelled him to so close a concealment. He was so anxious to confer with Launcelot, that, had there been any probability of his meeting with him, he would have mounted his steed to go after him; but considering, that if he happened to miss him, he should by his own act delay his meeting, he resolved to remain where he was, but gave orders to every one of the men who remained there to send the

perfectly 8 II. squire

squire to him as soon as he appeared.

Fortune was not just then in one of her kind humours; for the party were detained very late that day by the pursuit of an adventure, which in the end was lucrative enough; but the captain thought his share a poor recompence for the anxious minutes he had passed, in which his alternate vagitations had worked him up to a pitch of impatience little short of delirium.

He made a hasty distribution of the booty, and then took Hamcelot with him to his tent, where he detailed to him the intelligence he had received; and asked him if he could give him any advice how to act in the business, or could account for the revolution.

When Edmund mentioned the challenge, Hamcelot exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." He took no notice of the expression at the moment, but, in the conclusion of his speech, cautioned the squire against indulging his propen-



sity to jest, as he was not in a humour to bear it, and yet should be sorry to feel offended with him.

“Why, now, there it is,” said Launcelot; “you call me here to tell me a story, and to ask my advice, and opinion, and so forth, and the first opinion I give, you are ready to knock me down. I said I was glad; to be sure I retract my words: I am not glad, now I think on’t; for I see there is a fine harvest of glory for some folks, and not an ear for poor Launcelot. Egad, Sir Knight, I fancy I see you, at this moment, engaged with that same thick-headed challenger. I see you thrusting and parrying, cutting and hacking, overthrowing the braggart, and carrying off the prize. Oh! charming; and yet, poor I must never see all this, but by the help of fancy, because I dare not show my ugly face at the castle:—if I thought cutting off my nose would be a sufficient disguise, I would do it, to have the pleasure of going as your squire.”

icky

B 2

Though

Though Matravers had cautioned Launcelot, in the way he had, not to attempt drollery, the picture he had drawn was so congenial to his own feelings, that he forgave his effort to be witty, for the pleasure he felt in hearing him. When he had done, he said to him, with a smiling aspect, "You will run on, Launcelot, and there is no stopping you. How can these things take place? Can I go to the castle any more than you? Can I—?" "To be sure you can," interrupted the squire; "you may answer the challenge, as an unknown knight;—you need wear no device, but disguise your shield intirely, and take any man you please for a squire but him who most longs to appear in that capacity. I will not insult you by a prayer for your success, for that I deem infallible."

This scheme was too delightful to our hero for him to make many objections, or to start many difficulties:—some he did make, which Launcelot, whose mind was



strongly bent on the execution of his project, obviated, by promising to remedy. Edmund chose one of the party, who carried, from him, an answer to the challenge of Beauchamp; importing, that an unknown knight proposed to enter the lists on the appointed day, and to maintain that his mistress, *whenever she was*, expelled the mistress of the challenger;—provided he might be assured of knightly treatment. To which a reply was immediately given, that the unknown knight should be treated with every respect and honor due to his deportment.

These preliminaries adjusted, Matilda was prepared for the approaching tournament, with a heart much lighter than he had felt it since the business was first announced to him.

CHAP.

the morning, the baron and his son were to be judges of the field; over every part of which they marched with careful steps, and scrupulous attention, as well to satisfy themselves, as to convince others, that there was no concealed treachery. The prize was, the gift of the baron, a very splendid scymitar, which he had

THE welcome dawn of the day, appointed for the tournament, at length appeared.—The castle was all alive; the workmen had been up the greater part of the night, to finish the necessary accommodations; and all the neighbouring country were invited as spectators. The courtyard of the castle was the place appointed for the contest, and it was built round with seats, in form of a circus.

The baron and his son were to be judges of the field; over every part of which they marched with careful steps, and scrupulous attention, as well to satisfy themselves, as to convince others, that there was no concealed treachery. The prize was, the gift of the baron, a very splendid scymitar, which he had



won from a conquered saracen, in the fields of Palestine. Cynthia was to deliver it to the victor:—she sat in a kind of box, intirely separate from the rest of the company, and raised considerably above them, under a canopy of crimson richly embroidered:—in the centre were the arms of the baron properly emblazoned.

The banners were of white satin; some of them bearing the arms of the challenger; some the symbol of the crusade, to show that he had been a sharer in that expedition. The lists were thrown open;

the judges took their seats on an eminence, whence they could see every part of the field.<sup>20</sup> The trumpeters and heralds

galloped over it, in various directions, for some time, till all the company were arrived and seated. I then began my discourse.

At length, after a solemn flourish, the challenger entered the lists, making a most dazzling appearance:—his armour was white, enamelled in various parts with different colours; the bosses and rings

LOW 8 WERE

were of gold; his helmet, which he had won in Palestine, was adorned, according to the fashion of the people there, with a golden griffin, with eyes of emerald, and over this was a remarkable high plume of feathers; his shield, after much consultation between him and Longprée, was ornamented with a picture of his mistress only, round which was inscribed in Italian (the then fashionable language), "*La bella delle belle*,—The fairest of the fair."—He was mounted on a thundering charger of a roan colour, of monstrous height and bone, most superbly housed;—the bosses of his bit were of gold; the bridle curiously enriched with silver, of which metal the stirrups were also made, and the stirrup leathers adorned to answer the bridle. The saddle was remarkably beautiful—being embossed at the four corners with the heads of different Asiatic beasts and reptiles, in pure gold; and over the whole animal was a beautiful net of gold and silver thread, with tassels of the same, elegantly disposed. The size and martial



appearance of the challenger, the splendor of his accoutrements, the majestic figure of his steed, and the ease and grace with which he managed him, formed a most beautiful spectacle, and excited an universal hum of admiration from the company.

He saluted all round, and then took his station, while the heralds again made a circuit of the field; proclaimed the challenge, and called on all knights, who were inclined to enter the lists, to come forth within an hour. Immediately about a dozen cavaliers, superbly armed and mounted, made their appearance on the other side, and declared themselves candidates for the honor of contesting the point with the challenger.

Edmund was among them; and though the plainest in his equipage, yet attracted all eyes. His armor was of black, ornamented a little with stars of silver, which relieved it, but in an inconsiderable degree. His shield represented a great accumulation of pitchy clouds, with  
hardly

hardly a ray of light; and had for its inscription the Latin word "spero" only. The grace with which he performed his salutation, so superior to those about him, first rivetted the attention of all the spectators on his person; and soon an universal whisper circulated the inquiry, "Who is he?" Longpreé informed them of the manner in which he had answered the challenge; and the general opinion seemed to be, that the unknown knight, if any one, would be the successful opponent of Beauchamp. His steed was of bright bay, apparently as powerful as that of the challenger; but his housings were plain, and not calculated to attract any particular notice.

When the whole cavalcade were entered, and had performed their salutations, and made a circuit of the field, Cynthia glanced a scrutinizing eye over them, and felt all the joy of gratified vanity, at seeing how much superior to them was the appearance and figure of her knight. She entertained no doubt, that he would



conquer them all successively; nay, she believed, that if all at once attacked him, they would have but little advantage to boast.

The heralds now proclaimed the terms of the combat, which were, that each cavalier was to be permitted to break two lances on horseback; that if neither was unhorsed in these encounters, or driven back to the rails, the challenger and he were to dismount and fight with their swords, till one of them should draw blood, or be driven back to the rails, or have his sword broke, or be disarmed, or thrown down. That if any knight vanquished the challenger, he was to stand in his situation; and any cavalier, who had not before entered the lists, was to be at liberty to contest the point with him on the same terms, as with the original challenger; that the victor was to receive the prize at the hand of the lady. These preliminaries stated, they were all sworn not to commit, but unite against, treachery; and then drew lots for the order in  
which

which they should engage. Our hero drew fifth.

A noble youth of a neighbouring family was the first who entered the lists: he was clad in armour enamelled all over with green, embossed with gold, of which metal were his spurs. On his shield was represented a hand reaching at a laurel wreath, with a French motto, "J'ai con-  
" fiance:" his charger was milk white, superbly housed and caparisoned. He was not of so athletic a make as his adversary, nor did he seem so perfect in the use of his arms, and management of his horse; yet, had not so mortifying a comparison presented itself, he would have passed for a graceful and accomplished cavalier; as it was, his disgrace was anticipated by every one present.

Their lances and swords were measured by the officer appointed:—the sun and ground equally divided between them, and the charge sounded. The combat was not so long as the previous ceremony, for Beauchamp, at the first encounter, met

his



his steed, in full career, with such an impetuous shock, that he was instantly overthrown, and the knight not disengaging his foot from the stirrup soon enough, it was strained and dislocated by his horse falling on it.

His place was soon supplied by another knight, armed something like the challenger, but not so splendidly: his plume was of a different color, his horse was black; for a device he had a locked coffer, his motto English, "Who knows."—Words expressive enough of his thought, for he was one of the baron's guests, who, though he knew himself inferior to Beauchamp in arms, resolved to answer his challenge; as he preferred contributing to his triumph, by his own defeat, to submitting to the insolence of it without an effort.

The event corresponded with his fears rather than his hopes; for, at the first tilt, his antagonist's lance struck him with such force, as to throw him quite backwards on his horse's buttocks, and made him  
forego

forego the reins; the frightened animal ran with him about the field, while he remained unable to recover the reins, or regain his position. Some of the attendants stooped his horse, and restored him to his seat. The challenger waved his claim to victory, and offered to meet him in the lists again; but he was so much abashed by the derisive shouts of the spectators, that, though he boiled with indignation at his accident, he declined renewing the combat.

Two others who entered the lists, had no better success than their predecessors; they neither of them had occasion to draw a sword. One broke a lance, and was unhorsed at the first encounter with the second. The other was thrown out of his seat by the challenger with so violent a force, that had the lance, with which he received it, been headed, it must have completely transfixed him.

Beauchamp was complaining of the facility of his victories, and observing, he had not yet got a breathing, when Matravers presented himself. His manner  
and



and address had escaped Beauchamp's observation, when he was mixed among the knights; but he could not now help regarding him with more than common attention. He saw, from the style, in which he managed his horse, from his size, and proportions, that he should not now have to complain of too easy a conquest.

The name of his mistress was demanded of our hero, as had been of every preceding knight. He answered, he was come there as an unknown cavalier, and meant to continue unknown; that to declare the name of his mistress, would be the same thing as naming himself; that he must therefore decline doing it; but that it was written in a paper, which he presented sealed up; and, if the judges would pass their words of honor not to open it till that day week, without his leave, he would give it them. To this they agreed, and the paper was put into the hands of Bertram.

The charge was now sounded: their onset was furious, yet judicious; they both  
spurred

spurred their horses to the greatest speed of which they were capable, and each shivered his lance to splinters, which flew about in all directions, yet neither was discomposed in his seat, or gave the least ground. New lances were brought them, and they encountered again, with the like success.

They now dismounted, gave their steeds to the squires' care, and drew their swords. In this combat was displayed, all that courage, strength, skill, and agility, could effect; the parties were very equally matched: Beauchamp somewhat excelled in strength, but Matravers counter-balanced that advantage by greater agility. They struck with the edge; they thrust with the point of their weapons; they sometimes fought at a wary distance, at other they closed, and their limbs were so entwined, that the different colors of their armor only enabled the spectators to distinguish them. There was hardly a point in either of their armour, from the crown to the toe, where an attempt had

been made

not



not been made to infix a stroke which should draw blood, but without success. The combat had continued in this manner full half an hour, when Beauchamp, seeing he could make no impression any other way, determined to try what his strength would effect; and for that purpose began to rain down a most dreadful shower of blows on the helmet of his antagonist, hoping, if he could not succeed in penetrating it, he should be able, by his continual efforts, to stupify and weaken him. Edmund saw his design, and knowing his helmet to be of proof, and confiding too much in his own strength to suppose it would be successful, permitted him to proceed in it, without any other interruption than parrying or catching a blow on his shield now and then. While Beauchamp was thus employed, Edmund tried every joint of his armor over and over again, but could no how insert the point of his sword, or make any wound with the edge, though he had struck off many of the bosses and ornamental

mental parts of it. At length, however, he had the satisfaction to perceive his adversary's blows came slower, and with less strength than before; he observed a general languor, which convinced him the violence of his late efforts had almost exhausted him. Hugh was himself sensible of his decreasing vigour, and resolved to try one desperate exertion, to knock our hero down, or cut through some part of his armour: he lifted up his sword, and stood on tiptoe to give the stroke more power; which the other perceiving, with an action quick as lightning, put his left leg behind him, and his left hand to his throat, while, with his right, he arrested the descending blow, and with a violent exertion tumbled him head foremost to the ground, and stood over him in possession of his weapon.

The spectators immediately exclaimed, "Victory, victory, to the unknown knight;" while the indignant Beauchamp slowly rose, and proffered to fight it out to death. This, however, the judges



judges would not permit. The heralds proclaimed the defeat of the challenger, and invited the cavaliers, who had not yet fought, to enter the lists. They consulted among themselves, and at length declined the challenge, alledging, for a reason, that they had come to do honor to the baron's tournament, and had been willing to maintain their mistresses' beauty against a certain cavalier, and a given lady, but could not do so against an unknown knight, and an unseen mistress. They added, they did not mean this by way of disrespect to the cavalier, but that, seeing the long continuance of the late combat, they had resolved amongst themselves not to attack the victor, because they could derive no honor from a successful encounter with him, when weakened by so severe a contest.

Marravers now galloped over the field, and, no one appearing to oppose him, was declared victor. He was conducted, between the two judges of the field, up to the canopy where Cynthia was sitting: he  
knelt

knelt on one knee, and pulled off his gauntlet to receive the prize, which she stretched out a reluctant hand to present to him, when, on one of his fingers, she perceived the well known Ring of Rosamond.

If any thing could have added to the mortification Cynthia felt, at seeing her champion vanquished, it was the very knowledge which now reached her, that Mervyn was the victor. She delivered the prize to great haste, and, as he turned to retire from her, beckoned her inside, that she wished to speak to him. He instantly opened her summons, and when they were in a private room, she disclosed to him the discovery she had made.

He was thunderstruck at the intelligence; for though the event of the tournament did not exactly turn out to his wish, he was so much pleased with the skill and bravery of the unknown knight, that his passion for warlike accomplishments got the better of his dislike, and

CHAP.



knelt on one knee, and called off his  
 hounds to receive the prize which the  
 knight had won. A reluctant hand to present  
 to him when on one of his fingers, the  
 perceived the ring of Rols.

#### CHAP. IV.

IF any thing could have added to the  
 mortification Cynthia felt, at seeing her  
 champion vanquished, it was the very  
 knowledge which now reached her, that  
 Matravers was the victor. She delivered the  
 prize in great haste; and, as he turned to  
 retire from her, beckoned her uncle, that  
 she wished to speak to him. He instantly  
 obeyed her summons; and when they  
 were in a private room, she disclosed to  
 him the discovery she had made.

He was thunderstruck at the intelli-  
 gence; for though the event of the tour-  
 nament did not exactly turn out to his  
 wish, he was so much pleased with the  
 skill and bravery of the unknown knight,  
 that his passion for warlike accomplish-  
 ments got the better of his displeasure,  
 and

and he began to entertain great respect, and a considerable share of good will for him; but this was now all converted into disgust and hatred. He sent for Beauchamp to consult with him, what should be done on the occasion; but he was little disposed; and, from the ferment of his mind occasioned by his late overthrow, little able to give advice. He attended sullenly to the baron's exordium; wherein he laboured to convince him, that if a man under an odious stigma of particular descriptions, enters the lists in disguise, and vanquishes a knight, that, in such case, no disgrace ensues; inasmuch as honor cannot be risked, except against a man who brings an equal share to stake.

This sophistry was very little agreeable to Beauchamp. Argument never squared well with his understanding; but now it was peculiarly distasteful, when it tended to make him look patiently on an event which he burned with desire to revenge. In all probability his ill temper



per would not have been restrained by the presence of his mistress, and her uncle, had not this unpleasant preface been immediately followed by the discovery the baron was so solicitous to impart.

Rage now, for awhile, bound up his faculties; which, when a little enlarged, he exerted in a tremendous volley of oaths, curses, and blasphemous execrations. He swore he could have borne more patiently to have been overthrown in a market place by any paltry plebeian, and set in the stocks for the mob to gaze and make game at, than have suffered such a degradation, from the Knight of the White Rose. "What," said he, "an excommunicate wretch, a violator of every sanctuary, who one day breaks a convent; another time robs a nobleman of his daughter; then comes in disguise to insult him at a solemn festival in his own castle!—By heaven! nothing shall protect him; I will immediately go, and compel him to renew the combat; I will conquer him in my

“ my turn, and hew him into a thousand  
“ pieces.”

Saying these words, he would have rushed out to put his threats into immediate execution, but was hindered by the baron and Cynthia. The former had other projects in his head, and the latter was not so well convinced of his ability to fulfil his threats, as to wish him to risk his life in the attempt.

“ My dear friend,” exclaimed the baron, “ consider what you are going to do. Shall this miscreant have the glory to fall by your hand in equal conflict? Shall he, a disgrace to human nature, the refuse of our holy religion, be dealt with like a man of worth, of honor? No. Leave the matter to me; his temerity shall be his punishment: he came here unsolicited; let him get away if he can. To-night he sleeps in the dungeon; to-morrow I will have him hung up in the courtyard, where, to day, he had the impudence to fight.”

This motion was very satisfactory to Hugh, and delightful to Cynthia, as it gratified both their spleens in the highest degree. They set about considering how to effect their purpose. To seize him where he then was, might give great offence to the rest of the guests, and excite them to resistance, especially the knights who had sworn to resist treachery. At length it was agreed to get so many of the Norman, and other former visitors at the castle, together, as they could depend on, and draw him into their ambuscade, and secure him.

Meanwhile our hero, unsuspecting of what was going forward, was talking to Bertram, and the other cavaliers, on the field. Bertram told him there was a trifling banquet toward, at which they would be glad of his company; an offer which he declined, urging the necessity of his going a considerable distance that night; though, in fact, his determination had been made, when first he entered the castle walls, not to eat or drink there, because



because, by so doing, he must have shown his face.

Bertram, who had conceived a very exalted opinion of him from his prowess, wished very much to engage his esteem in some manner; so that, at a future time, they might, if the unknown knight's affairs permitted it, be known, and friendly to each other; with this view he said to him,

"We have some reason to complain of your shyness, Sir Knight:—you give us, by your conduct and prowess, the greatest admiration for you; and though you must be certain, such admiration must be attended with a proportionate curiosity, you resist the gratification of it by your obstinate disguise."

"Blame not me," answered Edmund, "but rather my affairs, which compel me, for the present, to assume the mysterious appearance I do.—They govern me; and when they permit, I shall be peculiarly happy to be known to a youth of your apparent worth."

"I am honored by your compliment,  
"and accept your proffered acquaintance  
"with joy," answered Bertram. "I rely  
"on your word, and wait impatiently for  
"the pleasure of calling you friend, and  
"rendering myself worthy of your friend-  
"ship."

These compliments, from the brother  
of his beloved Rosalind, could not be re-  
ceived by our hero without emotion;—  
they seemed a favorable omen of his be-  
ing soon equally high in the estimation of  
all the family; and his heart revelled for  
a moment in the anticipation of future  
bliss.

His reflections were interrupted by Ber-  
tram, who, unwilling to lose a moment of  
his conversation while he had an oppor-  
tunity of enjoying it, said, "If your  
"mistress is as fair as you are brave, Sir  
"Knight, she must be the paragon of  
"her sex; and if she is sensible of your  
"passion, as you merit she should be,  
"you must be the happiest of lovers."

Edmund

Edmund could not help smiling at this observation, to which he was about to make a reply, when a messenger came to him, and informed him that the baron, hearing it was his intention to depart without partaking of the banquet, had sent to request the honor of seeing him in the castle, to bid him farewell; that he would have attended him where he was, to have kissed his hands, but was suddenly a little indisposed. Bertram offered to conduct our hero, but the messenger told him it was his father's wish he should stay there, and entertain the rest of the guests, for that he was afraid, if he went in, a great number of them would follow him; and that he was just then too much indisposed, to be broken in upon by too much company.

Bertram submitted to these reasons; and Matravers, quite unsuspecting of his being discovered, as he had not shewn a bit of his face, followed him into the room where the baron was.



The moment he entered, the door was shut; he was seized by a great number of persons, who pinioned down his arms, plucked off his helmet, and put a gag in his mouth; they then led him to the dungeon of the castle, where they took off the rest of his armour, tied his legs, and left him to chew the cud of his own reflections till the morning.

The baron had heard, from a by-stander, of the admiration his son had expressed of the unknown knight, and therefore had not entrusted him with any part of his intention; and when he afterwards inquired what was become of him, answered, he was gone, and shifted the topic, determined not to let him know any thing about him, till the last moment, lest he should attempt his rescue.

A very splendid banquet was provided, of which all the guests partook. Beauchamp ate and drank heartily; and these comforts, and the hope of a speedy vengeance on the author of his disgrace, kept him

him in pretty good humour all the day. The baron was in high spirits; Cynthia well pleased; the company delighted; and thus happy in each other, they regretted the too early return of the shades of evening which compelled them to separate.

The morning the baron attended all his guests, and informed them that he had found out, and secured, the man who stole away his daughter; that he was a most notorious profligate; a man on whom the church had let a spice; in a word, that he was the Knight of the White Rose. He then inquired how he had discovered him: the baron answered that was no matter; he was now in the dungeon, and he would have him immediately brought up to be examined: that if he turned out guilty of what he confessed he could not expect a pardon, the stealing away of his daughter, he would deliver him up to the law, and let the law take its course.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

IN the morning the baron assembled all his guests, and informed them that he had found out, and secured, the man who stole away his daughter; that he was a most notorious profligate; a man on whom the church had set a price; in a word, that he was the Knight of the White Rose. Bertram inquired how he had discovered him: the baron answered, that was no matter; he was now in the dungeon, and he would have him immediately brought up to be examined; that if he turned out guilty of, what he confessed he could not directly ascertain, the stealing away of his daughter, he would hang him up directly; if not, he would deliver him up to the clergy, and let the law take its course.

So



So saying, he dispatched two or three persons to bring in the prisoner, while he seated himself at the upper end of the hall, and the guests made a lane to his chair. Edmund was led in, still bound: being disarmed, those who did not know the secret could not tell that he was the unknown knight, who had gained so much of their admiration yesterday, and imputed the fury Beauchamp manifested, at sight of him, to a latent resentment for the loss of Rosalind.

When he was conducted to a place near the foot of his chair, the baron sternly demanded, "Who he was?"

Edmund, not discomposed by the roughness of this address, nor seeming at all dispirited at the unworthy treatment he had received, replied, "My  
" only proper answer to such a question  
" is another.—What right have you to  
" ask?—I am a knight, not a vassal,—  
" I owe homage to no man, and own no  
" superior, but the king alone. You may  
" sit thus in judgement, and thus inter-  
"rogate

"rogate your own villains; but over me  
"you can have no power, but by treache-  
"ry and usurpation. If you know who  
"I am, you know this to be true; if  
"not, your faith is pledged to treat me  
"honorably, and let me depart unmo-  
"lest." "

"Yes, traitor," exclaimed the baron,  
"you are known. Crimes like your's can  
"be concealed by no disguise; and, by  
"providential interference, will always  
"be discovered. What right had you,  
"under favour of any concealment, to  
"intrude yourself into the celebration of  
"a festival to be solemnized here for the  
"marriage of my niece? What right  
"had you to mix with noble cavaliers,  
"and to put off your base metal as  
"equivalent with their sterling worth?"

"You had better continue your ques-  
"tions," answered the knight, "and ask,  
"What right had I to confide in the word  
"of honor of your challenger? what right  
"had I to suppose the laws of chivalry  
"and honor would be observed in this  
"castle?"

“ castle? what right to expect, that, after  
“ beating a braggart, I should not be  
“ fallen upon by numbers, treated with  
“ indignity, confined all night in a damp  
“ dungeon, and in the morning brought  
“ forward to be insulted by impertinent  
“ interrogatories? Are you so ignorant of  
“ the rules of tournaments as not to know,  
“ that unknown knights often present  
“ themselves, and, under whatever circum-  
“ stances they may be, if their conduct dur-  
“ ing that day is unexceptionable, they are  
“ treated with honor, and depart at plea-  
“ sure?—Before I came here I announced  
“ my intentions to the challenger, and  
“ he promised I should be treated with  
“ every respect due to my deportment:  
“ in confidence of this promise I came  
“ hither, and he is bound to maintain my  
“ safety, or to confess himself a recreant.  
“ On the faith of a message from you,  
“ I came within the doors of this castle.  
“ It belongs to you; the laws of hospi-  
“ tality lay it on you, as an indispensable  
“ duty, to see me safe out again. I have  
“ been



" Been robbed of my arms; deprived of  
 " my liberty; seduced by falsity; and  
 " overpowered by treachery; I have ho-  
 " nored; it is yourself who have, by such  
 " conduct, and by permitting it in the  
 " challenger, disgraced your festival. If  
 " he, on his own behalf, or any knight  
 " present on your's, denies, or defends  
 " these facts, I defy him to the mortal  
 " decision. I demand my property, and  
 " my liberty:—I demand the prize which  
 " I won,—and I demand that the mistress  
 " I celebrated be acknowledged, as she  
 " really is, Fairest of the Fair."

Beauchamp, full of wrath, was about to  
 have accepted the defiance, but was pre-  
 vented by the baron, who thus answered  
 our hero:—"It becomes you, truly, to  
 " preach to us the laws of chivalry and  
 " hospitality; you, who are a known  
 " breaker of every law, human and di-  
 " vine; and weak, indeed, must you think  
 " the noble knights here present, to risque  
 " their valuable lives, and unsullied ho-  
 " nours, against your's, forfeit to the law,  
 " and

“and stained by every baseness. Yet I  
“should wish to know who this mistress  
“is, whose superiority we are thus called  
“on to acknowledge: if she is fair, as her  
“defender is honorable, we shall have  
“no doubt in what estimation to rank  
“her.”

While the baron uttered these words he was so transported with indignation, as to have forgot the probability that his own daughter might be reflected on by this taunt.

“How easy,” said Matravers, “it is to  
“justify wrong, by wrong: how natural  
“to justify iniquity, by the adoption of  
“calumny. If I were convicted of the  
“crimes you so largely impute to me, it  
“does not alter the nature of your du-  
“ties, but by rendering your obligation  
“to perform them more strict; inasmuch  
“as my confidence in your honor has  
“shewn itself more implicit and ample.  
“However, waving this topic, on which I  
“find I am to expect no proselytes, I  
“will, for your confusion, let you know  
“who

“who is the mistress under whose influence I have conquered. Youth,” continued he, turning to Bertram, “I absolve you of your promise: open the paper I committed to your charge; read the name which embellishes it; and then let us see who will deny her the palm of pre-eminence.”

“Sir Knight,” said Bertram, “I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to assure you of my intire ignorance of the indignity you have met. I acknowledge the justice of your sentiments, and am ready to exert myself in maintaining of them, when that can be done without rebelling against my father; my duty to him supercedes every other consideration; and I feel myself, at present, compelled to sanction the conduct he adopts, though I consider myself at liberty to adhere to my own mode of thinking.”

He proceeded thus far without noticing his father's frowns and contorsions of visage, by which he testified his displeasure.

Then



Then producing the paper, which had been delivered to him, he read aloud the words "Rosalind de Montford."

The sound of this name petrified the baron; he was rendered motionless by conflicting sensations. The compliment paid his daughter at first forced its way into his heart; but there it was too soon encountered by pride, revenge, and interest, which smothered all the delicious sensations it had brought with it; untuned the pacific harmonies which had begun to prevail there, and gave him up again to the discords of rage and hatred. Beauchamp's eyes glowed with furious indignation and internal mortification; but he could not speak. A tear trickled down the cheek of Bertram; while the less interested hearers could not restrain a titter, which burst from them at the confusion occasioned by this unexpected discovery.

Edmund, taking advantage of the general silence, thus continued:—"This, I suppose, is the consummation of my  
" crimes;

“ crimes: this my most unpardonable of-  
“ fence; nothing can atone for the guilt  
“ of maintaining here, in Montford cas-  
“ tle, that Rosalind de Montford possesses  
“ any merit, much more that her merits  
“ are unrivalled. Yet that they are so, is  
“ my unalterable assertion; an assertion,  
“ which I will never live but to repeat,  
“ and am ready to die in maintaining.”

“ Yes, insolent wretch,” cried the ba-  
ron, in an agony of rage, “ your present  
“ conduct is the consummation of your  
“ crimes: not content with basely stealing  
“ a daughter from her father, and from  
“ her duty, you complete your insolence  
“ by intruding yourself into my castle,  
“ to insult me by a repetition of her  
“ name, and an affected admiration of  
“ her merits; but you shall expiate your  
“ offence by instant and ignominious  
“ death. Should all the world join with  
“ my revolted blood to palliate your  
“ crimes, and supplicate your pardon, I  
“ will not alter your doom: you shall  
“ hang

"hang in my court-yard, let vengeance  
"follow in what shape it may."

The baron's further speech, and Edmund's reply, were prevented by the sudden opening of the secret pannel, from which immediately issued a troop of armed men, who filled the hall. They were the banditti of whom our hero was captain. Upwards of one hundred of them immediately formed themselves, and presented their arms, so as to prevent any of the company escaping; while the remainder loosed their captain, and restored him his armour, which was hung up in the hall.

To explain this sudden appearance we must go back a little. When Launceles persuaded our hero to engage in the tournament at the castle, one of his chief objections was, the anticipation of the very event which had taken place, namely, that he would be discovered in some unexpected manner, and secured; and perhaps some violence offered him, which he  
might



might neither be able to resist, or escape. To remedy this, it was agreed, between them and the lieutenant, that he should take one of the men for a squire, who should, the moment he had fought, return with an account of the success; that if he was overthrown, and an immediate discovery and disgrace ensued, they might march to his rescue; but if he was victor, they would expect him all night; and if he did not then return, Launcelot was to introduce them into the castle by the known way, which, if they had found stopp'd up, they were to bring tools to open.

This plan had been strictly attended to. The moment Beauchamp was conquered by Matravers, the squire gave his horse to a lacquey, to hold; and, unperceived amidst the general confusion which ensued, stole away. His own horse he had left at a small distance: him he mounted, and galloped to his companions, to whom he detailed the whole adventure which had  
taken

taken place. They all rejoiced at the event, but none so much as honest Launcelot. While they were waiting for the captain's return, they made his squire repeat every circumstance he knew over and over again; but when they saw the night wain away, without his appearing, they began to suspect treachery; and, at the first peep of dawn, put themselves under Launcelot's guidance, to effect his rescue. When near the mouth of the cavern which led to the castle, Launcelot searched for, and soon found, the dark lanthorn which he had used in conducting his lady, and had hid, when they mounted to continue their journey: he was prepared with implements to light it; which when done, they entered the cavern, and reached the hall just at the time we have described. A sentiment of honor hindered Launcelot from appearing as an enemy, or invader, in the hall of that castle, where he had been retained as a domestic, and ever kindly used. He ventured, however, to peep in, when,

when, convinced by seeing our hero that the interposition of his men was in time to prevent any thing happening to him, he pursued his way back, and returned to rejoin the few who were left at the tents.

over again; but when they saw the light  
 with away, without his appearing, they  
 began to suspect treachery; and at the  
 first peep of dawn, but themselves under  
 Lancelot's guidance, to effect his release.  
 When near the mouth of the cavern which  
 led to the castle, Lancelot searched for  
 and soon found the dark lantern which  
 he had used in conducting his lady, and  
 had hid, when they mounted to continue  
 their journey: he was prepared with imple-  
 ments to light it; which when done, they  
 entered the cavern, and reached the hall  
 still at the time we have described. A  
 number of lesser handed Lancelot  
 from appearing as an enemy, or invader,  
 CHAP. Hall of that castle, where he had  
 been retained as a domestic, and ever kind-  
 ly used. He remained, however, no longer  
 when



## CHAP. VI.

THE baron and all his friends stood aghast at this unexpected turn of affairs; they knew not what to do, or what to expect; they could not hope for kindness, and despaired of any good effect from soliciting mercy. Those who had merely stood by, and looked on, cursed themselves, in silence, for being accessaries in a business which was like to come to so unfortunate an issue. Bertram, alone, shewed any presence of mind; he drew, and exhorted the rest to exert themselves in defence of their host, declaring his own resolution to die, rather than suffer any insult, or indignity, to be offered to his father.

Matravers held out his hand to him in token of amity, declaring, nothing could be farther from his intention, than to put  
his

his valour to the test in that matter. Then, turning to the baron, he said,—  
“ For you, my lord, as the father of the  
“ lovely Rosalind, and the valiant Bertram,  
“ I can feel no other sentiments than  
“ those of respect, and esteem: if your  
“ surprize at seeing me here unexpected-  
“ edly, and perhaps disagreeably, has led  
“ you into any excesses of temper, or irre-  
“ gularities of behaviour, I trust a day  
“ will soon come, when you will see them  
“ in a proper light: whenever that is, let  
“ no self-dereftation follow; for, be assured,  
“ you have no friend on earth who allows  
“ so largely for the many causes which  
“ have conspired to produce this effect  
“ in you, as my self. I shall always be  
“ proud, with submissive reverence, to  
“ claim your friendship and kindness;  
“ and hope, some day, you will be con-  
“ vinced I am not altogether unworthy of  
“ it. Noble youth,” continued he, turn-  
ing to Bertram, “ I can never sufficiently  
“ express my admiration of your ho-  
“ nourable and disinterested conduct; as  
“ near

“ near as friendship can approach to  
“ love, I feel the same sentiments towards  
“ you as towards your amiable sister.  
“ I shall always be proud of your friend-  
“ ship, and solicitous to merit it: a time  
“ may arrive when my fame, unclouded  
“ by those calumnies which now obscure  
“ it, may render me not unworthy a  
“ public acknowledgment of those senti-  
“ ments of respect, you, yesterday, pro-  
“ fessed for me. For you, valiant Sir,”  
added he, to Beauchamp, “ who have  
“ spirit enough to give a public chal-  
“ lenge, but not sense enough to see that  
“ the laws of challengers are not properly  
“ adhered to, I shall not now, in this  
“ castle, further disturb tranquillity, by  
“ finishing my quarrel with you; but I  
“ will make bold with one of your spurs:  
“ —a knight of your description has  
“ small need of them. When, hereafter,  
“ I meet with you, you will know me  
“ by it.”

He then ordered some of his men to  
take off one of Beauchamp's spurs, which  
he,



he, with grumbling reluctance, submitted to be deprived of; swearing that our hero should have a dear purchase of it, if ever he met with him again, or could, by any means, ferrit him out of his lurking-hole.

Edmund, regardless of these threats, had bowed respectfully to the baron and Bertram, and was turning about to depart, when the latter begged a word with him.

"Sir Knight of the White Rose," said he, "I heartily thank you for the kind opinion you have been pleased to express of me; and assure you, nothing can render me more happy, than a conviction I merit it at your hands: but there is yet a point, on which we are all in a state of uncertainty; and I should be much obliged to you to inform us in it. Is my sister with you? if so, are you married to her? if not, do you know whither she is gone?"

"Upon my word of honor, Bertram," answered Edmund, "she is not with me; I saw her but once since she left this castle,

“ castle, and then but for a short time,  
“ though, in it, I had the good fortune  
“ to render her a considerable service. I  
“ know not where she is, nor have I any  
“ clue by which to find her out, and my  
“ ignorance on this subject constitutes my  
“ chief misery.”

Saying these words he departed, with all his friends, by the great gate of the castle; he took his charger with him; they soon reached the spot where they left their's, and proceeded to the tents without any interruption or adventure.

When they were departed, the baron, and Beauchamp, for a considerable time, scowled gloomy dissatisfaction at all around them; they knew not on whom, in particular, to vent the spleen which boiled in their bosoms. The guests looked confused and silly; Longprée, himself, hardly knew how to mould his countenance, to give no offence; the silence was universal; every one seemed bursting to say something, but knew not how to begin, when the lady Cynthia entered the hall.

She had taken her station at a window, which overlooked the court-yard, in expectation of seeing Edmund brought forth and hung, according to her uncle's threats of the preceding day; and her love for him was now so intirely eradicated, and resentment and hatred had got so firm root in her heart, that she was longing impatiently, to glut her eyes on the satisfactory spectacle of his execution. She was much surprized and disappointed to see him ride through the court-yard, completely armed, with so large a retinue; one of whom marched before him, carrying the prize she had so reluctantly, the day before, given him.

Impatient to be informed of the cause of these, so unexpected, appearances, she made all the haste she could into the hall, and was astonished to see all there looking so confused, and *à mort*. She addressed herself, alternately, to the baron, to Bertram, and Beauchamp, requesting a solution of this mysterious silence, but neither of them answered. She then

looked



looked on Longprée for information, but he gave her none; till at length she fixed her eye on the slipt pannel. She was no longer at a loss to guess what produced their confusion, and surmised the true means of the knight's escape; but this discovery distressed her greatly, as, if she acknowledged that she had known any thing of it before, she feared she might enrage her uncle, and, if she denied it, she knew she must live in constant fear of accidental detection.

She was plunged in these cogitations, when the baron, seeing her eye fixed where it was, said to her, "I believe, cousin, you are puzzled by the very same thing which appears to have puzzled every one present. Do you know, or have you ever heard, any thing of this escaping place? or how it could be an ambush for near two hundred men, who have just now been here, and rescued our prisoner?"

Cynthia denied that she knew any thing about it, but gave so many shrewd

conjectures on the subject, that the baron was convinced that it was known to Edmund, Rosalind, and Launcelot only, and that through it the two latter had made their escape. But Bertram, who gave particular attention to every thing that fell from the lady tending to intimate ought against Rosalind, was convinced that she imparted, rather than sought, knowledge, by her affected guesses; and that she knew as much as any body of the matter on which she pretended such intire ignorance.

Now that the flood gates of conversation were once again opened, every one had some remark to offer on the transactions of the morning; but most concurred in saying, they should have been sorry to be abetting in the unworthy death of the knight, as his own moderation, when they were all absolutely in his power, shewed him possessed of a noble mind. Sentiments which, though they conveyed an implied censure of the baron's conduct, he heard without testifying the

the smallest disapprobation. He was, in fact, penetrated by the propriety of our hero's behaviour; and, though he was far from feeling the least spark of friendship or esteem for him, he could not deny him his praise, and could not blame his son for going a step before him in the acknowledgment of his merits.

Not so Brauchamp: haughty and selfish, he bore, impatiently, the triumph of Matravers over him. He hated Bertram for the sentiments he had expressed, though he thought it convenient to hide those emotions for the present. He called for his horse and arms, declaring he would pursue the renegade knight all over the world, and make him pay, with his life, for the insult committed on him, by taking away his spur.

Cynthia was too much interested to prevent this determination from taking effect, not to oppose it with all her power. Her remonstrances were seconded by her uncle, whose interest likewise had the same bent. He said, that, if the Knight



of the White Rose was really a man of honor, opportunities would not hereafter be wanting of avenging himself, in a public and glorious manner; if not, that, attended as he was, and surrounded by persons devoted to his interest, there could be no expectation of a fair and equal combat. In this last supposition the baron spoke against his own conviction; for he afterwards owned, in private, to Bertram, that he thought Edmund as much the best knight, as he was the most sensible man of the two.

Beauchamp at length suffered himself to be persuaded by their arguments, and prevailed on by their intreaties, to give up his project, and make him his own.

Soon after this his courier returned from his father, bearing an answer to his letter, in which the old baron expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his son's marrying any lady of honor, who had merit enough to engage his affections, and kindness enough to reward them. He expressed himself very respectfully

spectfully of the Montford family, and requested his son, as soon as he could, after the consummation of his marriage, to come over to Normandy, and bless him with a sight of himself and his daughter in law, ere he died, which he said, from his increasing infirmities, must be soon.

On perusal of this letter, it was determined that the marriage should be consummated without delay, and that, as soon as decent afterwards, Beauchamp and his lady should comply with the old baron's request, and pay him a visit at his castle. Bertram was to go with them, and Beauchamp, who had now a particular regard for Longprée, which he did not like to manifest at the expence of the pride of the other guests at the castle, privately invited him to join him at his father's seat as soon as he could after he was gone there.

The old baron's letter had been accompanied with a handsome remittance, which enabled Beauchamp to be very elegant in his presents to the Baron de Mont-

ford and Bertram, over and above advancing the promised sum. The preparations for marriage were costly, and in the first style of proud magnificence, as were the dresses of the bridegroom and bride.

The ceremony was performed at the chapel of the neighbouring convent. The baron could not suppress a deep-drawn sigh as he gave away his niece, instead of a daughter. Bertram was far from feeling pleased on the occasion, yet could not tell why; as he certainly preferred his cousin's being married to Beauchamp to his sister's standing in that situation. Cynthia was truly happy; she had, after much pain, much circumvention and anxiety, after the trial of many stratagems, and many fears for their success, gained a point of the greatest importance to her, and in the rejoicing of the moment merged every other consideration. Beauchamp was happy, without much feeling; he saw all around him appear so; and, vanity leading him to attribute their contentment

broth                      + G                      edness



edness to himself, he could not but participate in their pleasure.

The gates of the castle were thrown open to all comers; large quantities of meat and drink were distributed for the use of families, besides what were consumed within the walls; liberal donations were made to the convent, and, for a whole week, the castle resounded with music, good cheer, joy and conviviality.

When Herbert spoke to him, previous to his quitting the castle, as mentioned in the last chapter, he called him, "Knight of the White Horse," a circumstance which, at the time, was taken no notice of by most of his party; but it made a particular impression on two of them, who had been much in the interests of the late captain, and imbued with concealed reluctance to the government of France. Possessed of this fact, each in his own mind, determined on the full quartet, to make use of it to his destruction. When men seek an opportunity to civil

ed to himself, he could not but part-  
 cipate in their pleasure.

The gates of the castle were thrown  
 open to all comers; large quantities of  
 meat and drink were distributed for the

## CHAPTER VII.

use of families, besides what were consumed  
 within the walls; liberal donations were

made. **A SHORT** time after these transac-  
 tions had taken place at the castle, our  
 hero was obliged to leave the banditti for  
 ever.

When Bertram spoke to him, previous  
 to his quitting the castle, as mentioned  
 in the last chapter, he called him, "Knight  
 of the White Rose," a circumstance  
 which, at the time, was taken no notice of  
 by most of his party, but it made a parti-  
 cular impression on two of them, who  
 had been much in the interests of the  
 late captain, and submitted with concealed  
 reluctance to the government of Matra-  
 vers. Possessed of this fact, each in his  
 own mind determined, on the first quarrel,  
 to make use of it to his destruction.—  
 When men seek an opportunity to cavil

at

at a superior, it cannot be long wanting: they soon fancied themselves aggrieved, in the division of a booty, and only watched a favorable time to make the intended discovery.

Malecontents find each other out by a sort of sympathetic sensation; and these two, who, at first, had each resolved to act on his own bottom, soon made one another acquainted with their respective sentiments and resolutions, and came to a very amicable agreement to join in the proposed discovery, and share the benefits to arise from it. In the course of canvassing the business, they agreed in opinion, that it would be their best plan to go, first, to Montford castle, and make the parties there acquainted with the fact, in order to get what reward they could out of them; and to secure a pardon, and they thought that sum, added to the sum offered by the clergy, would make a comfortable beginning of the world for them. But honest Loginscelor, ever watchful for the interests of his friends the captain,



who had gathered, from some few words these two men had dropt at random, that they were not friendly to him; and who knew them to be unsocial, unfriendly knaves, observed, with astonishment and suspicion, how intimate they were grown of late; he thought something extraordinary was in the wind; and, under the influence of that idea, was indefatigable in watching their motions, and endeavouring to discover their intentions. By dint of constant vigilance, and listening to their conversation, at times when they fancied themselves unobserved, and were alone in their tents, he got a sort of confused notion that they meditated some mischief; but what, in particular, it was, or to whose prejudice it tended, he was unable to discover, till one day, happening to watch them walking together, he saw them, at a small distance from the tents, mount their horses, and take the way which led to the castle. He immediately climbed a high tree, which commanded the road, and followed them

who D d with

with his eyes; till he saw them enter the gates; when he immediately went to inform the captain of the transaction.

When they arrived at Montford castle, the two outlaws craved a private audience of the baron and Beauchamp, which they obtained without much difficulty. They then demanded, whether these two nobles would undertake to use their interest to procure a free pardon of all offences, if they discovered a matter of great importance to themselves in particular, and to the kingdom in general. They both swore by the passion of God, they would do it with all good will. Then the spokesman then proceeded to state who they were: he said, they had been two of the party who rescued the Knight of the White Rose, who was their captain, though they had not known him till they accidentally heard it that day. He then stated, that the regulations of their company prevented them from committing great crimes, and they were shocked to hear they were commanded by

so bad a man; therefore they were come  
to make the discovery they did; adding  
that if they were so fortunate as to gain  
the reward promised by the church, they  
would, if the baron would accept their  
fealty, do him homage, and be happy to  
cultivate a farm, on any part of his estate,  
subject to any services he might think  
proper to impose. And thus they would

The baron was well pleased with this  
discovery, and with the submissive offers  
of the men; and Beauchamp was so de-  
lighted, that he pulled out his purse, and  
gave them two hundred marks down on  
the nail; swearing their services should  
be rewarded at any rate, and if the church  
chose to add to the gift, they might.  
They then consulted how best to proceed.  
Beauchamp was for taking a strong hand,  
and cutting off all the outlaws at once;  
but the baron, who considered them as  
then no rebellion, than an annoyance to  
his castle, opposed this determination  
with so much effect, that it was at length  
given up. They, in fine, resolved that they



to the sheriff for a posse, who should, early in the morning, go to the wood, and demand the knight, with a promise, if he was given up, to leave the rest unmolested. The two informers were desired to go back, to prevent suspicion, and that they might be able, in case the captain thought proper to conceal himself, to point out the place of his retreat.

Meanwhile our hero, having received the communication of Launcelot, called a council of the principal outlaws, at least of those he could most depend on, and made them acquainted with what had passed. He told them, that as he was discovered, they would never be left at peace, without giving him up; that his presence would expose them to continual divisions, as any malecontent would always have it in his power to make an advantage of discovering their retreats, and plans, and exciting the county against them. He would not, therefore, be the means of disturbing the well-being of the company,

pany, but would go elsewhere to follow his fortunes, and leave the lieutenant in his situation.

This determination was opposed by all the company: they represented how easy it would be for them to continue a running fight, against superior numbers, till they came to the borders of Scotland, and when they were there, the sheriff and his posse would be glad to purchase their protection, to enable them to return; or, let the worst come, they would fight it out, to the last man.

To this Edmund answered, that such a scheme might, perhaps, do for once; but that, on trying it a second time, they would find the sheriff too cunning for them; and that, instead of retreating towards a place of safety, they were running into an ambuscade; that fighting it out against a force so superior, could no longer be justified, but by a declaration of their opponents that they would give no quarter:—he added so many other reasons why he and Launcelot should leave

leave them, that, at length, they were obliged to acquiesce.

When the lieutenant and his party came in from their day's expedition, they were informed of what had happened, and been determined on, and of all the reasons, pro and con.

Towards evening the two men retired from the castle; it had been agreed on all hands, if they returned, which was hardly expected, to make no notice of their having been missed, or to give no intimation of what had been resolved.

A little before midnight they were both seized in their beds, and kept separate: the first of them was brought before our hero, in his tent, and interrogated: what he had been doing at Montford Castle that day?—Very little cross examination was necessary to make him disclose all he knew; and the other being brought in, and separately examined in the same way, corroborated every fact his companion had related. Some of the party then took

them



them out, and, by torch light, hung them up on trees, opposite to each other; dividing their two hundred marks and the rest of their property among them.

Early in the morning, Beauchamp, impatient to be revenged on Matravers, was come to the wood, with the sheriff and all the strength of the county, which could, on so short notice, be mustered; when they had reached the spot, where they expected to find him, they sought, the sheriff caused proclamation to be made — That, if the outlaws there assembled, would give up their captain, he would immediately return, and do them no harm, nor would he detain the captain, unless he was the Knight of the White Rose; and for surety of this he offered seven hostages.

This offer was accepted; the captain immediately delivered himself up, and, to Beauchamp's inexpressible surprize and mortification, exhibited a set of features entirely unknown to him. Not satisfied

with

with this, he importuned the sheriff to search amongst the tents; which the outlaws consenting to permit, he was soon discouraged from prosecuting his intention, by seeing his two informants suspended, and bleaching in the northern blast. He was so incensed at this spectacle, that he endeavoured to excite the sheriff to revoke his promise, and exterminate them all; but this his sense of honor prevented, as well as his regard for the hostages, who were youths of the best families in the county. Beauchamp therefore returned to the castle, mortified, disappointed, and dispirited, to the no small gratification of Bertram, who had not been let into the secret till that morning; after he was departed, lest he should have disclosed it.

When our hero first resolved to quit the outlaws, he proposed to the squire to pursue his original plan, of going to render his services to the king of Scotland; but this Lambelet opposed; saying, that

as winter was coming on, there was small probability of his military services being wanted for a considerable time; that the rout, who he was, might easily run from Northumberland into Scotland, and the king of that country give him up to the clergy. He added, that if he should be employed in an invasion of England, which was then suspected to be in agitation, and discovered, it would make a real crime to add to his supposed ones, and bar up every avenue to grace, and concluded, by proposing to seek the sea shore, and go over to France, and pass the winter with honest old Gerbin and Sampson: and who knows, he said, he "what may happen in the spring?"

Matravers was transported at the idea; he never much relished the project of going to Scotland, but had looked on it as a forlorn hope. Returning to the two protectors of his infancy, seemed to him like the re-union of himself to something like his family; for they had stood



to him in the place of all relations. He anticipated the joy with which they would receive him; the admiration with which they would listen to his adventures, and the true pleasure they would feel at hearing of his numerous escapes. He proposed great pleasure to himself in resuming his suspended studies, and spending a few months in the improvement of his mind; and he was not without a latent hope, that, as he resolved to go into Northandy in the spring, he might once again see his beloved Rosalind. He was ready to hug his squire for thinking of the scheme, and assured him of his resolution to adopt it.

Immediately after ordering the execution of the two informers, he and Launcelot set forward; they reached the sea-coast without interruption, and had the good fortune to find a vessel just preparing to sail for France, on board which they embarked, and reached the other side without accident. The anticipation

of

of joy and cordial reception lent Edmund a spur to accelerate his journey to the Alps. But, alas! the event demonstrated how little the productions of time correspond with the blossoms of hope.— When he reached the abode of his friends, he found it locked up, and deserted; every article of furniture, and accommodation, was left; but the damp on the walls, and the rust which began to invade many of the utensils, demonstrated that it had not, for a long time, been inhabited. Edmund was astonished at this discovery: he could not suppose Sampson and Gerbin dead, nor could he divine what had induced them to leave their abode, in opposition to his directions. The disappointment he now experienced, and the uncertainty in which he was left, there being no neighbours, of whom to procure information, affected him more than most of his late adventures, and melted his hitherto stubborn grief into a flood of tears.

Laun-

Launcelot, shocked at such indication of despondency, in a person, in general, so firm and so brave, could not, at first, help joining in the effusion; but soon correcting his weakness, and knowing that accompanying a person in these exhibitions of distress only softens their minds, and yields them up still more a prey to unavailing regret, applied himself to the task of comforting his now master; first, by pointing out the inutility of his sorrow; next, by observing how pleasantly they two could pass the approaching winter where they were; and lastly, by suggesting the probability that his friends had only left the place for a temporary excursion, and would possibly return ere they quitted it.

These considerations, particularly the latter, calmed the mind of our hero.—Launcelot applied himself to make every thing comfortable about them, and succeeded to a miracle. Edmund found books and every thing requisite for his amuse-



amusement; and between reading, exercise, and the conversation of his faithful squire, contrived to pass the time agreeably enough, till the return of spring called him again into action.

## CHAP. VIII.

WE flatter ourselves the reader will have felt some impatience to know what befel the lady Rosalind, leaving, therefore, our hero in his retreat in the Alps, we return to pursue her adventures.

When she parted from Edmund, as we before related, she ruminated with dismay and horror, on the peril from which she had been so providentially and unexpectedly rescued. She reflected, how insufficient was the protection of her squire against any assault of the kind, should they be repeated; and that, after being the unfortunate occasion of his death, in her defence, she might again remain exposed to the fate she had just avoided, where so fortunate an intervention might not occur: she saw, that by

going about as she did, she not only exposed herself to the most imminent dangers, but was running poor Launcelot into continual risque, without the least prospect of eventual advantage; she resolved therefore to change her mode of travelling; and as soon as she arrived at a town, where was a good inn, executed it in this manner.

She sent Launcelot to a place at some distance to sell her palfrey, hoping thus to obtain a sufficient supply of money: directly he was gone out she went to his saddle bags, and finding a suit of his cloaths, put them on; they fitted her wretchedly, to be sure, but she did not give herself much concern about that. Equipped in them she walked out, and soon found the dwelling of a tailor, to whom she applied to furnish her with a suit which fitted her better: he happened to have such a suit by him, which she immediately bought, and paid for, and ordered him to call at the inn, in the morning, to take directions for more.

When



When she got back, she replaced  
 the square of cloath where she found  
 them, and had some linen down, carefully  
 concealing her purchase, and as soon  
 as she returned, dismissed him, as he  
 mentioned to Edmund, asking for her self  
 the purse the knight had given for her  
 gale, and leaving the square the money for  
 which he had sold her palfrey on a table.  
 In the morning she dressed herself in the  
 cloath she had bought, and when the  
 tailor called, ordered two more suits.  
 She now resolved to go over into Nor-  
 mandy, disguised as a woman, and, as a  
 stranger, to find out whether she  
 would receive and protect her, if she  
 would, she would refuse her to stay  
 and stay with him, if not, she would continue  
 her disguise and seek some other ally.  
 She purchased a horse more fit for the  
 road, and less beautiful and delicate than  
 her palfrey, and prepared to quit the inn  
 as soon as the tailor should have brought  
 home her cloaths.

She packed up her own apparel in a hoodmanteau, and waited impatiently to be gone, as the landlord had asked some awkward questions about the lady who had been there, which she answered, by saying the woman was her sister; and that she, and her husband, meaning the squire, had departed early in the morning before he was stirring; and added, pently, she need not be uneasy about them, as their reckoning would be discharged that moment, if he wished it.

"No hurry, no hurry, good youth," said the landlord, who was fat and unwieldy from excessive drinking and eating, and cared very little how the world went so he could indulge in those particulars; he had little curiosity, and his inquiries were produced more by accident than any wish for information; but Rosalind was far from being easy at them, and trembled at the sound of his approaching footsteps, for fear of a repetition of them.

A very

A very short time, however, relieved her from these apprehensions. The sailor brought home her cloaths, which she packed up, and, being now perfectly equipped, spent what was due at the inn, and pursued her journey to the sea-side. Here she had to wait two days for a wind, and, in that time, experienced all the horrors of fear. While at an inn, she had had no dread of being covered, except by the remarkable circumstance of changing her dress for a sea-port town. The thought of this flight must be given, and order must stop her; she was alarmed at every strange person she saw, and, if a man but looked in her face, she was ready to sink with terror.

At length the wind served, and she got on board; but here new anxieties awaited her. The sea was an element she had never been taught to dread, and, when she came to experience the dispiriting waves, which attend a first voyage, she began to consider



sider her end at hand. The voyage was peculiarly tempestuous: one of those heavy gales, which prevail about the season of the autumnal equinox, annoyed them during their whole passage. The art of navigation was, at that time, very imperfect: its refinements were unknown to the best mariners, but those who commanded mere vessels of passage were ignorant of its very rudiments. The gale freshened, and the impressions of fear, which were at first confined to the passengers only, were soon extended to the mariners, and to the captain himself.

Poor Rosalind lay on a bed in all the agonies of sickness and terror. She thought the judgment of God had overtaken her for her disobedience. There was a priest on board, to whom she would have confessed herself, but he was in the same miserable situation she was being, as well as herself, a novice at sea. Thus she lay, the whole night, under the influence of the most dismal apprehensions.

rob

E E

without

without ray of hope. She heard the  
 winds whistle in the shrouds, and the an-  
 gry waves dash against the ship's sides.  
 She heard the prayers, wailing and abject  
 lamentations of the mariners (the danger  
 every moment death) was approaching,  
 and, that she could not receive the least  
 kindness of the church, her despair was  
 inconceivable. At five o'clock on the  
 11th Day broke out its exhibit spectacles  
 of horror. The seamen, dispirited, dashed  
 so close themselves for the preservation  
 of the vessel, but neither drove at ran-  
 dom, while they made the most extra-  
 vagant vows of offerings, and penance, to  
 every saint in heaven. Towards noon  
 the wind seemed to have spent its fury,  
 and to sigh out, in occasional gusts, the  
 remains of its violence; but the agita-  
 tion of the sea could not be so soon  
 quieted; it still continued to heave, and  
 pitch the vessel with most tremendous  
 violence; but the mariners, convinced  
 they were now out of danger, abandon-



ed themselves to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy: those who had before been most timorous, were now most vain-glorious, and, in the absence of danger, valiant; and those who had been most abjectly superstitious, were now most daringly profane. The priest was ridiculed, and threatened, for only hinting the propriety of returning thanks to God for their deliverance; and amidst the shouts, singing, laughing, and most profane execrations, (a scene almost as painful to Rosalind as the storm she had just escaped) they reached the harbour of Dieppe.

Happy to be once more on *terra firma*, and once more enlarged from company she detested, she only staid at that town for a little refreshment, which she much needed, not having been able to eat a bit in the course of her passage, and proceeded to the part of the kingdom where her uncle's estate lay.

On



On her arrival there, she found great reason to congratulate herself on her change of apparel; for her uncle was dead, and she was unknown to her cousin, his heir, who was the most improper man in the world for her to have applied to for protection; for he was a compound of voluptuousness, pride, and avarice; the last of which passions swayed him so arbitrarily, that nothing but the dictates of the first could lead him to violate its precepts. He had no sense of honor, no respect for decency, no regard for his present estimation, or fear of ruin; and she felt a certainty that her honor would have been as little safe under his protection, as in the power of the captain of the banditti, whom her lover had slain in her defence.

The world was now before her. She determined, at that rough season of the year, not to expose herself again to the danger of crossing the sea, which had already led her into so much terror; besides, she

had no motive to induce her to go to England, and many to avoid it, she would not stay in Normandy, fearing lest Beauchamp, of whose attachment to her cousin she as yet was ignorant, or some one else of the visitors at the castle should come over, and, in spite of her disguise, find her out. After much deliberation, she resolved to pass the winter in Paris, which project she forthwith set about to execute. She arrived there, travelling slowly and pleasantly, charmed with the luxuriant scenes which the kingdom of France presents in the vintage season. The comparison between the manners and habits of that and her native country was a delightful mental occupation, and the busy variety of scenes was so great, that she hardly ever felt the want of a companion.

Her stay in Paris was both delightful and useful to her. As her purse was well filled, she lived in a fashionable part of the city, and had frequent opportunities



of examining and profiting by the manners and conversation of persons of distinction. She found great delight in the acquisition of knowledge, and by extending her mental resources, and sharing occasionally in the pleasures the public spectacles afforded, she contrived to pass a few months very agreeably; though her ease was frequently interrupted by the recollection of her fugitive state, and by a sigh she sometimes devoted to the memory of her lover.

In the course of the winter some of the guests who had been entertained at Montford Castle came to Paris, and from them, or persons who repeated it after them, she first heard of the marriage of her cousin Cynthia to Beauchamp. This information surprised her extremely; it unravelled to her the whole mystery of that lady's behaviour to her, and explained at once the motives of her treachery. It gave her great regret, inasmuch, as it let her perceive she had



nothing to hope at her father's hands; and as it compelled her to root out entirely from her heart an affection which had grown in it from her infancy upon an affection which, though resentment had, for a while, suppressed, yet was so far from dead in her, that the least advances of kindness, the smallest efforts at reconciliation, in her cousin, would have obliterated every adversarious sentiment; but she could now have no hope of that, as Cynthia had injured her too deeply ever again to entertain for her a sincere and unsuspecting regard. Yet she found some comfort in the thought, that if she could, by any accident, again find a passage to her father's heart, though he might have put it out of his power to provide for her in marriage, his castle would be an asylum to her, and she should no more be pressed to give her hand in a manner she loathed to think of; or to wander over the world, exposed to the perils of her father's disposition.

posed to insult and disgrace, without a friend, and without a resting place.

She took great pains to be introduced to one of her father's late guests, and succeeded. That done, there was no difficulty to persuade him to tell her all that had happened at the castle, since her elopement. It was his favourite topic; and, as she seemed to hear it with delight, he never tired of repeating it. The heroism of her lover always renewed the glittering dew drop in her eye:—she trembled at the dangers to which he exposed himself; her blood boiled at the indignities offered him; she exulted in his successes and escapes; and wearied herself in fruitless conjectures what was now become of him.—She rejoiced in the disgrace and disasters which attended Beauchamp:—circumstances which the narrator, who wore for his device the locked coffer, never failed to tell of, with the most cutting reflections, and malicious comments, he  
non could



could make; a mode of revenge not very generous, we allow, but such as losers, in any contest, are very apt to indulge in.

The knight had not much more respect for Cynthia than her spouse: he informed Rosalind of the arts she had used to engage his heart, which he mentioned with contempt and dislike; and, in proportion as his investives against her were sharp and severe, his praises of her, and reproaches against the blindness of the baron, were liberal and unbounded. Rosalind heard these praises with undisssembled pleasure; for as they did not come in the questionable shape of compliments, she received them as a tribute really due to her merit. We believe most persons in similar circumstances would have done the same; if there are some few who would not, we know not, nor are desirous to know them; for it is surely a bad compliment to one's own heart to guard it against the accession

tion



sion of delight, when praise is offered under circumstances which preclude suspicion. Self-denial is certainly necessary, but an excess of it is hardly a virtue.

## CHAP. IX.

AMONG other things, our heroine's new acquaintance informed her that Beauchamp's father had died, almost immediately after his marriage; that he was consequently bound to take possession of his estate, and to receive the homage of his vassals; and that Bertram was on a visit with him. He believed, not to contradict, that his marriage would render both him and Cynthia valuable as members of their possessed families; to render that late delightful, or moderate occasionally to overlook the want of them.

CHAP. X.

Richard the most ardent curiosity to be a spectator of the situation of her cousin, and to know how far the knight was a

tion of delight, when pride is offered  
under circumstances which preclude  
self-denial is certainly necessary,  
but an excess of it is hardly a virtue.

## CHAP. IX.

AMONG other things, our heroine's new acquaintance informed her that Beauchamp's father had died, almost immediately after his son's marriage; that he was gone to Normandy to take possession of his estates, and to receive the homage of his vassals; and that Bertram was on a visit with him. He hesitated not to prognosticate, that his marriage would render both him and Cynthia miserable, as neither of them possessed qualities to render that state delightful, or moderation occasionally to overlook the want of them.

These accounts, often repeated, gave Rosalind the most ardent curiosity to be a spectator of the situation of her cousin, and to know how far the knight was a  
true



true prophet. This desire increased to so great a degree, that, when spring renovated the year, she determined to avail herself of her present dress to go into Normandy, to satisfy herself in these particulars. To escape every possibility of detection, she increased her disguise, by darkening her face with a kind of umber, which destroyed the distinction of rose and lily in her lovely countenance, and reduced her tints to that uniformity which characterizes the natives of Spain and Portugal. Paris was now no longer the scene of delight and pleasure it had been. The treachery of the French king towards the monarch of England was discovered, and his ransom agreed on, and in part paid. The king of France, fearing to be called to a severe account for his conduct, was endeavouring to fortify himself by alliances, and was exciting the vassals of his crown to make war, and commit depredations on the vassals of Richard, and as his own baseness was attended with



with the usual concomitant of treachery. suspicion, he was surrounded with spies and informers, and as he who brought the most terrible tale was best received, everyone about him labored to make himself acquainted with the secrets of every individual in Paris, in order to fix on them some plausible conjecture, and to enable themselves to make their advantage of the king's fearfulness. The taste for public diversions was suppressed, mutual intercourse was at a stand, for men were afraid to converse with strangers, lest they should be spies, and pervers; their expressions, and feared being seen often with their most familiar friends, lest their intimacy should be construed into a treasonable association. All Normans, and others who owed fealty to the crown of England, hastened to leave Paris, not knowing to what unjust violence the king's fury might carry him; and knowing, perfectly well, that he was a contemner of justice, thought innocence no better protection.

protection, if he should think proper to confine, amerce, or even kill them.

Towards the latter end of January Rosalind set out for that part of Normandy where Beauchamp's estate lay, revolving in her mind various schemes to get an introduction to the family, or to some person who could inform her of the conduct and internal regulations of it, but could hit on none which effectually pleased her.

By slow journeys she approached the mansion of the baron, which she rode round, and viewed with the most eager curiosity; it was in the first style of strength and magnificence, and seemed to tower in the consciousness of majestic dignity, over the surrounding domain. She saw nobody about it; all appeared to her wrapped up in solitary pride, and gloomy self-importance; the fancy of her being mistress of the place shot across her imagination, and extorted from her a smile. Seeing no living creature of whom to make an inquiry, she turned her horse about, and

rode



rode towards the park, where, from a considerable distance, she beheld a man, lying extended on the grass; on a nearer approach she observed he was armed, and, when she came close to him, was thunder-struck with horror at seeing a cavalier, lying on his face, covered and surrounded with blood, yet apparently fresh, and, for aught she could tell, bleeding to death for want of assistance.

She dismounted, to endeavour to find out where his wounds were. Pity and charity gave her courage and strength unknown before; and, after many efforts, she succeeded in turning the wounded knight on his back; she loosed his helmet, and, to her unspeakable surprize and horror, beheld the countenance of her brother Bertram. Whatever were her sensations at this dreadful moment, neither tear or exclamation relieved her heart; the immediate necessity she felt of applying something to stop the effusion of blood superceded these exhibitions. She pulled off all his armour, and found he had two dreadful wounds



in vital parts, besides many of smaller consequence all over his body: no respiration, nor pulsation, exhibited signs of life in him; and she had, from his universal coldness, and the congealed state of the blood which had flowed from him, every reason to suppose that he must have been dead some time. But this did not deter her from her affectionate purpose; she flew to her portmanteau, and tearing some linen began to wipe away the gore from his wounds, and to apply it to them, to restore, if it yet remained, the suspended warmth of life. We leave this amiable lady, engaged in this pious office, to recount the events which put her brother in a situation to require this exertion of her tenderness.

Cynthia having gained the point she had been so solicitous about, in obtaining the hand of Beauchamp, was preparing to depart with him for Normandy, when the death of his father was announced. She rejoiced at this intelligence, as, by the acquisition of his patrimony, she expected

spected her husband would be more enabled to maintain and exhibit her in that splendour which formed the summit of her hopes and wishes:—she hastened his departure from Montford Castle, and in the eagerness she felt to be honoured as a baroness in Normandy, and to receive the submission and compliments of her husband's vassals and the neighbouring nobles there, she forgot every sentiment of duty, gratitude, and attachment to the person who had fostered, educated, and endowed her, and to the spot where she had passed so many innocent and happy years. She left it with joy, and, from a small distance, looked back on it with a contemptuous consciousness of the superiority of her present situation and expectations. In Normandy she was received with gallant submission, and looked up to with all the reverence and respect she had expected; but the pleasures resulting from gratified pride are in themselves short-lived, and require to be revived by perpetual



perpetual variations. These Beauchamp's estate did not afford;—the vassals had done their homage, and now only treated her with the respect she had been accustomed to receive from those of her rank; and the neighbouring nobility, full of pride and etiquette, after the first visit, rather mortified than gratified her vanity, by an incessant display of their own. — A very little time tired her of this scene, and she peremptorily demanded of Beauchamp to take her to Paris, but she had taken up her ideas of him very erroneously; to suppose he would be commanded to do anything:—satisfied with enjoyment, and having no longer the novelty of conquest to pique him, having made an exhibition of his riches, and pleased himself with the compliments paid him on that subject, he had begun to grow weary of his wife, who, doubtless, fancied she could govern him when married, with the same facility she had drawn him into that step, and, therefore, gave herself little trouble to engage his affection.

bobbs or



or to allure him from small concessions to implicit obedience; but she thought the mere expression of her will, and the enforcement of her superior wit, would compel his limited intellects to the adoption of any action of reason she chose to express.

But in this, the first instance where she had affected to exercise this superiority, she found her mistake; for, without any circumlocution, or endeavours to soften the harshness of non-compliance, he told her he never meant to go to Paris; that the care of his own estate would engage all his attention; that country amusements were his only passion, except warlike exploits; that after he had done homage to the king of England, as his superior lord, he did not know that he should ever visit a royal court again; and added, that if the king did not come to Normandy to receive his homage, he did not think he should, unless he was particularly called on, go to London to present it. In a word, he

added,

added, that he hated the French king in particular, and courts in general, and desired he might never more hear any thing on the subject.

Cynthia was thunderstruck at the bluntness of this rebuff, but it did not open her eyes at that time, or shew how small hold she had on the heart of her husband; she imputed it to some casual ill humour, and frequently returned to the charge, till, at length, she made it her constant theme. If he exhibited kindness towards her, she endeavoured to take advantage of the moment, to bend him to her wish; if he was out of temper, she imputed it to the sequestered life he led, and added, she was sure it was enough to sour any person's disposition. She applied the same reasoning to her own ill humours, and never ceased teasing him on the subject, but without success. In time, however, these constant repetitions so wearied his patience, and excited his choler, that he hated the sight of his own castle, because he was sure to meet his wife



there, and avoided home as much as possible.

During the winter months he frequently formed hunting parties with the neighbouring nobility, which kept him from the castle whole weeks together; and, as Bertram and whoever else was on a visit there went with him, Cynthia was left in absolute solitude. Longprée had accepted his invitation, and, very soon after the lord's arrival, came to the castle of Beauchamp. He was often present at the quarrels which interrupted the peace of this disunited couple, but had the address, when referred to, to evade giving any opinion on the question:—conduct, by which he preserved the friendship of both parties.

Ever on the watch to promote his own interest, he had already drawn from the purse of Beauchamp considerable pecuniary aids;—but, libertine in principle, and unsusceptible of friendship or gratitude, he still looked up to Cynthia for

his



his reward, for the sacrifice he had made of his pretensions to her hand.

Finding how much the baron loved to absent himself from home, and guessing the sentiments with which it must inspire his lady, he thought the opportunity too favourable to let slip, and, that he might be enabled to make his advantage of it without incurring suspicion, he contrived, one day, when they were hunting, to let the whole party get before him, and then, dismounting, he let his horse run loose, and rolled himself in a miry ditch. His stratagem had its desired effect; the appearance of his hunter, without him, made the company conclude he was thrown off; but, in the eagerness of the chase, they, for the time, thought no more about him. He limped to the castle, pretending to be dreadfully hurt, and the next day dispatched a messenger to inform the rest of the party of his incapacity to join them yet, but promising to do it as soon as possible.

Glad

Glad of the advantage he had thus gained, in passing much of his time with the lady Cynthia, he lost not a moment to turn it to account. To all the attendants at the castle he gave out that he was desperately bruised, that they might think nothing extraordinary of his staying so much within doors; and the baron himself sent back his messenger with an injunction to all persons at the castle to obey the chevalier Longprée, and treat him, in his absence, with the same respect as himself. Cynthia, overjoyed at having somebody to whom to impart her grievances, communicated all her sentiments respecting her husband to him; and in time his address, graces, affection of sympathy, and expressions of indignation at the treatment she received, rendered his company so agreeable to her, that she never was happy out of it.

He improved, by all the insinuating arts in his power, the ascendancy he had gained; he began, by degrees, to insinuate how little time had been able to quench the passion



passion with which he formerly bursted for her, and how much he regretted the necessity he had been under of yielding her up to another, whose demerits he failed not occasionally to paint in the blackest colors, though he still covered the superiority of his remarks with the old salvo of back-biting hypocrisy—"Though he is my friend,"—"Though I have received great kindnesses at his hands," &c.

In process of time, finding these insinuations not treated with the indignation he expected, he advanced no more unreserved explanations, and, at length, to express demands on the lady, who, piqued by the neglect and obvious dislike of her husband, was charmed with the graces and attentions of Longprée, which were now her only resource against solitude. Her virtuous sentiments, much weakened by the influence of her former conduct, supported by no strictness of principle, and vanquished by the importunities of her lover, she, at length,



yielded up to him the jewel of her honor; and within a very few months of her marriage with a husband she had gone such culpable lengths to obtain, she disgraced him and herself, with a person, whose honourable addresses she had rejected, merely to secure the hand of the other."——

Kept from every suspicion of the truth, by the still pretended illness of Longprée, and rejoiced that his presence prevented the necessity of his being much at home, Beauchamp was absent more than ever; and his perfidious wife and false friend rejoiced when his back was turned, as it gave them unrestrained opportunities to indulge their guilty commerce. Her virtuous sentiments, much weakened by the influence of her former conduct, supported by no principles of public and vapidated by the importunities of her lover, she, at length yielded

CHAP.

For as yet they were no more. The person called Christmas at home and Longpre, who had just before then succeeded in his abandoned views, had not yet found the way for the latter to secure to him his enjoyments, but intended a

CHAP. X.

**LONG concealment seldom attends stolen amours.** Security creeps on silent steps—Detection on security. When the barriers of virtue are broken down, a contempt of appearances follows, and the prying curiosity of busy attendants is generally gratified in the end, by discoveries, which half the care employed in perpetrating a wicked purpose would have been sufficient to prevent.

Many of the domestics and damsels, at Beauchamp's castle, began to suspect the intrigue between their mistress and Longpre; but their master's behaviour, in general, was so brutal and tyrannical, that they were careless about his honor; and, as they saw no immediate advantage to result to themselves from it, they forbore to impart their suspicions to him;



for, as yet, they were no more. The baron passed Christmas at home, and Longprée, who had just before then succeeded in his abandoned views, the better to pave the way for the further continuance of his enjoyments, pretended a spitting of blood to have ensued from his late accident, and actually put himself under a medical regimen, to carry on the farce with more effect. Beauchamp, among whose vices avarice was not to be numbered, insisted on his staying at the castle till his cure should be completed; and knowing his purse was seldom furnished to bear many contingent expences, supplied him very liberally from his own, and left him in his wonted authority at the castle, as he was going to engage in a hunting party with a neighbouring noble, which, he expected, would last upwards of two months; but he charged him, if the money he had left him was insufficient for his purpose, to apply to his steward or tenants for more.

Not



Not at all affected by these instances of generosity, the profligate knight, as soon as his benefactor's back was turned, resumed his intercourse with his wife with so shameful an indifference to detection, and so barefaced a disregard of appearances, that they were, more than once, discovered by domestics in situations which admitted of no evasion; and Longpreé was forced to buy their silence with considerable sums. At length his purse was so reduced by these drafts, that he was obliged to avail himself of his friend's permission, and draw on his steward for more money, with which he was immediately supplied; but the duration of his enjoyments was now coming to a close. The news of the king of England's discovery, by the ingenuity and praise-worthy perseverance of his minstrel, was now universally known, and all the vassals of the crown were required to contribute their quota towards his ransom.

Of his wife and Longpreé, and a turning of the

On receiving this intelligence, Beauchamp immediately left the party with whom he had been hunting, and hastened to his castle to raise the proposed supply, with which he meant to go to England, and pay it himself into the hands of the commissioners. Bertram attended him homewards: their haste did not permit them to send a courier to announce their coming, but, when they were near the castle, the baron delivered his horse to a domestic, with orders to lead him to the stable, saying, he would walk through a grove, which led to his lawn, and enjoy the beauties of the season;—while Bertram, who expected letters from England with instructions how he was to act, made the best of his way on horseback.

Pursuing the way he had proposed, Beauchamp heard the sound of voices, proceeding from a clump of evergreens, which, at first, hid the parties from his view; his ear, however, soon recognized the accents of his wife and Longprée, and a turning of the  
the



the path soon presented them to his sight, in a situation which left him no room to doubt of his own dishonor.

Quivering in every nerve with passion, and eager for vengeance, he flew like lightning on his false friend, and, too much in haste to draw his sword, he struck him with his fist so violent a blow, as he sat with his arm round Cynthia's waist and his head amorously reclined on her shoulder, that he fell down motionless before him; she, seeing what a fatal discovery was made, took the opportunity which presented itself, while her husband satisfied his spleen on her lover, to run away with all the speed of which she was mistress.

Rage possessed the baron so intirely, that the small share of intellect he in general possessed now deserted him; deaf to the prayers, cries, tears, and kneeling intreaties, of his hapless guest, he continued to beat and kick him till he was all over blood and bruises, and then, with a furious stroke of his faulchion, terminated



his life, by splitting his head down to the very teeth.

Seeing his wife had escaped, he deigned not to pursue her; but, in the gloom of sullen displeasure, was proceeding towards his castle, when he was met by Bertram, who was come out on purpose; and, not noticing the rage which convulsed his frame and pervaded every feature, requested his ear for a few moments.

The letters he had received from his father, and which he now imparted to Beauchamp, informed him of the discovery of the king's captivity, and the requisition which had been made of all persons holding lands by knight's service to pay their respective shares towards his ransom. They further stated, that his share of the contribution would be larger than he could readily advance, owing to the great expences he had been at, in the preceding autumn, in entertaining the guests he had invited, and in marrying his niece.

"Under

"Under these circumstances," said he,  
"it will not be possible for me to pay  
"my quota, without again laying my estate  
"under the embarrassments from which it  
"is just relieved, unless my good cousin  
"Beauchamp will add to the kindness he  
"before did me, that of advancing the  
"sum now required; which I will take  
"care faithfully, speedily, and thankfully  
"to repay."

While Bertram read this part of the letter Beauchamp could hardly contain himself; the efforts of his rage intirely overcame him; he waited not to hear another period; but, in a furious tone, exclaimed—

"Yes, to be sure, the obligations I  
"am under to the Baron de Montford  
"intitle him to expect a favour of the  
"kind at my hands: let him pawn his  
"trumpery hovel, which he calls a castle,  
"to the Jews, or whoever else will lend  
"money on it; and let them seize, and  
"sell, or do what they will with it, for,  
"before God, if a single farthing, would  
"save



“save his dog-hole from being alienated  
“from him for ever. I would not part  
“with it: let him go begging, else-  
“where.”

The unexpected shock of this brutal speech, for a while, kept Bertram silent, in amaze; as soon as he recovered his speech he demanded an explanation.

“An explanation is soon given,” said the outrageous Beauchamp, and then proceeded, in an unconnected manner, to describe the scene of which he had been witness interlarding his account; with so many opprobrious invectives against Cynthia, Rosalind, the father of Bertram, and the youth himself, that his temper was at length worn out by repeated insults, to such a degree, that he retorted them with equal acrimony; and had he not left his sword in the castle, when he came out to meet the baron, an immediate combat would have ensued; however, they inflamed each other’s choler to such a pitch, that mutual defiance was exchanged, and



changed; and they went in to arm, determined to fight it out immediately.

When Bertram was alone, he began to make allowances for the reasons Beauchamp had to be angry, which he could not help owning might have transported a man of sound mind, and copious intellect, beyond the boundaries of reason and propriety, and to be sorry the matter had been carried so far; however, as mutual defiances had passed, he proceeded to arm himself, but determined to avoid the combat, if any explanation, or concession, short of dishonour, could enable him to do it.

When he met his antagonist, he endeavoured to reason with him on the subject; but he treated his moderation as the effect of cowardice. He told him, now they were fairly met, no evasion should save him, that he would sacrifice his life to his injured honor:—"And as to your father," said he, "I am going to England, where my first business shall be

"to

“to reclaim the money he had of me, to  
“the last penny; and, if he does not pay  
“it, I will see if the law will not enable  
“me to sell his castle, even down to  
“the very passage, through which he  
“holds correspondence with his thievish  
“complices.”

These words brought back all Bertram's  
rage, and put an end to his moderation.  
A furious combat began, in which he did  
all that art and valour could against  
strength greatly disproportioned, and  
skill at least equal; he was hardly able  
to make any impression on the massy  
and ponderous mail of his herculean ad-  
versary, whose strength enabled him, at  
every blow, to pierce Bertram's armour,  
great part of which he cut away piece-  
meal. So unequal a contest could not be  
of long duration. Bertram, after sustain-  
ing many wounds of less importance,  
at length received one in his body which  
brought him to the ground, and his sa-  
vage conqueror, by way of coup de grace;  
gave



gave him, when he was down, another on the other side, and left him there weltering in blood, himself escaping unhurt.

Having atchieved this exploit, Beauchamp returned to his castle, where he summoned all his domestics, one by one, before him, and asked them if they knew or had any suspicion of his lady's disloyalty. They knew not of any of the occurrences which had taken place, and a great many of them owned they had such notions. These he ordered into the dungeon immediately, promising he would have them all hung in the morning. He then made arrangements for his departure for England; determined to go there without delay, and never return to his castle again till he should have obtained a divorce from his wife.

In the morning he rose determined to execute the vengeance he meditated on his domestics, but they had anticipated his revenge, for, by the assistance of their

fellow



fellow servants, they had got out of the dungeon, and one and all, prisoners and liberators, ran away from the castle, leaving only an old woman behind them, who was too feeble to share in their flight.

Having dressed himself, he called aloud for his people, but no one answered; he went into every room in the castle, but all was deserted; he went to the dungeon, but that was abandoned by its late involuntary tenants; at length he met with the old woman, who produced some cold eatables for his breakfast. Solitary, disappointed, outraged, and discontented, his spirits were so sunk, and his pride had so far forsaken him, that, for the first time in his life, he entered into amicable conversation with a person so much his inferior, and communicated to the crone the accidents which had befallen him. He told her it was his determination to go to England immediately. He desired her, if she knew where any of his people were, to prevail on them to return, and

and take care of his domain, in his absence; promising, upon his word of honor, and swearing by the whole host of heaven, that he would forgive them, whatever their crimes might be; but that, if he had not speedy accounts of their return, he would, if ever he came back to Normandy, cause every one of them he could find to be hung up without pity.

He then armed himself, and, going into the stable, saddled his horse with his own hands, and mounting him pursued his way to the nearest sea-port, where he took shipping, and reached England in safety. The old woman, when he had been gone long enough to have rode a considerable way, made an appointed signal from a high turret, and all the domestics of the castle returned, rejoiced at the lord's departure; hoping that, before they saw him again, his rage would have subsided, and that the faith of his promises and oaths would be effectual to save their lives.

It



It was on this morning Rosalind had reached the castle, and the circumstances above related had caused the desolate and solitary appearance she observed about it, and for which she had been so unable to account.

She then turned herself and, going into the stable, saddled his horse with his own harness, and mounting him pursued his way to the nearest sea-port, where he took shipping, and reached England in safety. The old woman, when he had been gone long enough to have made a considerable way, made an appointed signal from a high turret, and all the domestics of the castle returned rejoiced at the lord's departure; saying that before they saw him again they would have perished, and that of all promises and oaths would be most true to their lives.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XI.

THE affectionate efforts of this amiable lady, about the person of her unfortunate brother, had now so far succeeded, that his wounds, free from gore, emitted a very small quantity of blood, and his limbs, which had been torpid and stiff with cold, from having lain all night on the bare earth, were by friction and application a little relaxed. These symptoms led his sister to hope that the flame of life was not intirely extinguished in him; but she was in despair, to reflect that she knew not where to apply for assistance, and if left to her own efforts alone, the utmost she could promise herself was, that he would recover a faint reviviscence, and die in her presence.

She

She conceived no hope from the idea of applying for assistance at the castle, for, recollecting that her brother had been a visitor there, and that he was left in that situation so near it, she could not suppose it to have happened without the consent or act of some person there ; yet, hopeless as the project was, she was about to try it, when, at a considerable distance, she perceived two men on horseback, and, by the glittering the arms of one of them made in the sun, concluded he was a knight, a sight which revived her heart, for she made herself sure that their exertions must be attended with benefit to Bertram.

Not liking to leave the body for a moment out of sight, she got on horseback, and sticking some of the linen she had torn on the point of her brother's sword, kept waving it to and fro, and hollowing as loud as her lungs would enable her, she had at length the satisfaction to perceive that her signals were attended to, and that the horsemen were making



making towards her, at a pace which soon brought them to the spot where she was.

She could not see a feature of the knight's face, but in that of his attendant she recognized her old friend Launcelot; and, conceiving that he was not like to be in the service of any other knight than him of the White Rose, felt the most interesting forebodings on the subject, and his close concealment of his face confirmed her conjectures.

The cavalier was, indeed, our hero in person. He staid all the winter in the Alps without seeing any thing of Gerbin or Sampson, and as the spring approached he panted for action; and the idea of casually meeting with his mistress inspired him with the resolution of going directly into Normandy. He left the cottage locked up as he found it, having written a letter, and left it sealed, for whoever of them returned first, desiring them to stay there, or, if they went away, to leave word what route they meant to pursue,



as he should take a speedy opportunity either to return, or send to see for them; and further mentioned, that he was now going towards Normandy.

Rosalind intreated the knight's compassion and assistance for a wounded cavalier, who she was in hopes might revive, if properly looked after, but that a moment's delay might be fatal to his existence.

Launcelot was by the side of the wounded man in an instant, and, as soon as he saw his features, exclaimed, in a tone of surprize and pity, "Pardon of God, 'tis my dear young master Bertram de Montford!"

These words no sooner reached Edmund's ear than he leapt from his horse, and, throwing off his helmet and gauntlets, began to chafe and breathe upon his friend, and, by degrees, had the pleasure to observe that he certainly was not dead, but that, with care, his life might possibly be preserved. Rosalind gazed with admiration on our hero's countenance: if

any

any thing could have rendered this unexpected sight of him more than ordinarily welcome, it was the fact of seeing him engaged in the very task he was upon. These emotions, at first, had nearly betrayed her; but she had time to recover herself without being perceived, and resolved not to disclose who she was.

They were all ignorant of the country, and vaguely consulting what they had best do, when several of the domestics of Beauchamp's castle, who were returned, and now first heard from the old woman what had happened, came running towards the spot. Our hero armed, and ordered Launcelot to stand prepared to resist any insult which might be offered to the remains of the unhappy youth; while poor Rosalind took his sword in her hand, though she trembled all over, and had no idea or power of using it.

But the servants, who all of them had a sincere respect for Bertram, approached with very different intentions: they looked on him with an eye of pity, and, as



Soon as they were told there was a chance of his living, every one, without consultation, assumed an employment:—one ran before to a cottage, near hand, to order a bed and fire to be prepared:—one went to a neighbouring town for a surgeon; another to the next convent, for cordials; some flew to an outhouse and threw the door off its hinges, on which they laid the wounded knight, and raising him on their shoulders bore him slowly to the cottage. In this office Launcelot assisted.

Our adventurer was charmed with the zeal and rapidity with which these operations were performed. The men who were going for the surgeon and the cordials, requested the use of his and the squire's horses, which Edmund readily granted them; feeling a sentiment of regret, that he himself could not be more actively serviceable; and Rosalind, overjoyed at the idea of her dear brother's life being preserved at such a crisis, could not restrain her tears; an exhibition which,



as he took it for an extraordinary effort of sensibility in a youth like him, attached Edmund to her more than any other characteristic could have done. Rosalind perceived his growing good-will, and it soothed her heart inconceivably, to reflect that, eclipsed as she was, she could gain an interest in his bosom.

They soon reached the cottage, and found every thing prepared. The man who had been sent to the convent, first returned; they all applied themselves to rub Bertram's temples, legs, arms, and bosom, with hot hands, and, in some time, succeeded so far as to produce a faint pulsation; and, a little while after, he began, at long intervals and with much apparent pain and obstruction, to breathe. The surgeon now came, approved of what had been done, examined his wounds, and applied proper dressings to them; but expressed himself very doubtful if the cavalier could survive.—He said, at all events his cure would be slow, painful, and uncertain; that he

must not be expected, as yet, to shew any signs of sense or recollection, and, when he did, that they must not trouble him with too many questions, or embarrass his mind, or excite his feelings, by too much conversation.

These injunctions were strictly attended to. The room was darkened, and Rosalind and Launcelot, alternately, attended the wounded knight, till, by degrees, he recovered his speech and recollection; but was still so weak, and his recovery so uncertain, that the surgeon, who possessed as much skill as was common at that time, expressed much more fear than hope of the event..

One day after he had slept remarkably well, Bertram requested that the window might be opened for a minute. "I wish," said he, "to view the faces of my attendants; their voices would almost persuade me that I am in my father's castle, and just awoke from a long dream, for every accent which strikes my ear, brings to my recollection my  
sister



“ sister Rosalind, and my father’s squire,  
“ Launcelot.”

“ Be not surprized, my dear young  
“ master,” said Launcelot, “ at sight of  
“ me; I am indeed the person you take  
“ me for, but the voice you fancy like  
“ the lady Rosalind’s proceeds from a  
“ tawny youth, and there is no more  
“ likeness in their faces than their voices.”

So much the change of dress prejudiced  
the squire.

Bertram then enquired what had hap-  
pened to him since he had been left  
wounded by Beauchamp, which the squire,  
having begun a conversation, could not  
avoid informing him, though with reluct-  
ance. He told him how he had been  
discovered wounded; first by the youth  
who now attended him, and then by an  
unknown knight and himself. He told  
him the knight’s affairs now called him  
away, and, as he was getting so much  
better, the youth would be left to attend  
on him, while he went with the knight,  
in whose service he was now retained.

"And will you leave me, Launcelot, in the hands of strangers?" said the wounded Bertram:—a question delivered in such a tone as posed the squire; he knew not what to answer, for he did not like the idea of leaving Bertram, and yet could not bear to quit Matravers. He stood hesitative and confused, when Edmund and Rosalind entered.

Bertram, hearing the footsteps of our hero, called him to his bedside, and thanked him in the most emphatical terms for the assistance he had rendered him, which, he said, he had just learned from his squire. Edmund was vexed that the surgeon's orders had been disregarded; but as he now wished to leave the place where he was, he thought he might as well continue the conversation, which he did, by assuring him how little he thought of any pains he took to render a service to so amiable a cavalier, and how ready he was to undertake in his behalf any service while he wore with the knight. In whole service he was now retained.



service by which he could fancy himself relieved or benefited.

"Surely," cried Bertram, "my ears deceive me in a very extraordinary manner to-day, or every voice I hear contributes to produce some mental delusion. I heard the voice of the Knight of the White Rose but once, yet your accents revive the memory of his speech so strongly, that my mind, Iwaved by fancy, cannot resist the impression that you are the person."

"I am he, indeed, my valiant friend," cried Matravers: "I rejoice to see you so much better. I am now going to leave you, as I wish to make a circuit of Normandy in search of your lovely sister; that done, I will return to you, and hope you will by then be well enough to go with me to England, where we will arrange measures to revenge your quarrel on this baron. If your strength permits," continued he, "relate the cause and progress of the affair."

Bertram, fancying himself stronger than he really was, readily complied with this request, and brought the whole matter down to the point of time when he fell, from the baron's first thrust, and he, when he was down and incapable of rising, repeated the blow. "From that time," said he, "I know not what befel me, "till within these two or three days I recovered my senses, and just now learned how much I am indebted to "your care."

This account made our hero acquainted with so many new facts, that he determined not to wait for Bertram's recovery, but to go immediately for England, to tender his services to his father. He had, as he guessed, more than money enough still left to pay his debt to Beauchamp, and his quota towards the king's ransom;—if not, he had still his mother's jewels, and resolved to part with them to make up the deficiency. He longed too to meet with Beauchamp; determined, at the risque of his life, to make him  
repent



repent his unknighly behaviour to the  
 hapless invalid, who immediately  
 (He) was highly delighted with the  
 scene; this project opened to his imagi-  
 nation; he thought, if he could prevail  
 on the Baron de Montfort to receive and  
 shelter him till the king's return, his inter-  
 est might then effect a remission of his sup-  
 posed crimes, and a restoration of his  
 patrimony. Love took its turn, and Tre-  
 gated his imagination with the brightest  
 visions of future bliss, and continual en-  
 joyments. He became anxious to depart;  
 and communicated his project to Ber-  
 tram who, charmed with the generosity  
 of his behaviour, and the nobleness of his  
 forgiveness of his father, could not restrain  
 his tears at the liberality of this proposal,  
 of which he immediately declared in his  
 most unrestrained approbation. As soon  
 as Edmund announced his intention of  
 leaving Normandy immediately, and tak-  
 ing Launcelot with him; his mother  
 begged so hard, that she might be left  
 with him, that the knight at length

consented. This exactly answered Rosalind's wishes, who immediately rendered her services to the knight:—she said she could not do all the services of a squire, but would endeavour to make up in good will what she wanted in ability; and that it would be a great kindness to her to take her to England, as she very much desired to be there. This proposal much facilitated their arrangements. Edmund accepted her offer with pleasure, and Launcelot was left with Bertram. Our hero declared his resolution to be gone next morning, and desired Rosalind, who was known to him by the name of Oswald, to prepare for their departure. He soon had reason to rejoice that he had agreed to leave Launcelot behind, for poor Bertram had so much exhausted himself by talking, that his wounds bled afresh, and he was seized with fainting fits, which demanded every attention that could be paid him, and Launcelot happy to be essentially relieved. With him the knight at length consented.



able, felt quite reconciled at not following our hero.

Rosalind, in his loved society, felt no fear of danger in crossing the sea, nor was there any occasion; a gentle breeze filled their sails, and wafted them speedily, and without accident, to England.

## CHAP. XII.

OUR hero and his disguised attendant landed at Dover, a place far distant from their destination, but being the port the wind best served them to make, the mariners would not risque continuing at sea, to seek a more convenient haven. He cautioned Oswald not to call him by his title of Knight of the White Rose, wherever they went, nor to mention to any body who he was. He resolved not to go through London, but to avoid all towns and cities as much as possible, which, though it might protract his journey, would insure his safety till they reached the castle of the Baron de Montford.

His impatience made him travel so fast, and attend so little to customary modes, or times of rest, or refreshment, that Rosalind's



lind's spirits and strength would not enable her to continue the journey at his pace; and, abhorring to be an impediment to the purpose he was pursuing, she determined to quit him, and let him go the rest of the way alone, or find another squire.

She reflected, moreover, how unpleasant it would be to her, and how much her feelings, and even her local knowledge, would expose her disguise to detection, should she appear at her father's castle just then; and she could not determine to return to reside there, till she knew how Edmund's proffered services were received, and whether there was any probability that her father would, at any future time, consent to their union.

Full of these impressions, one day when they halted for refreshment in a forest in Lincolnshire, she, after many apologies, told the knight that her wishes had exceeded her powers in his service; that she felt she was more a drawback on his exertions than an assistance to him in  
any

any respect; that her strength was almost exhausted by the journey she had already performed; and that she feared, if she attempted to continue it, she should be under the necessity of stopping at some town in their way, or perhaps of embarrassing him, by falling ill in some such sequestered situation as that they now were in; that therefore, if he thought proper, she would leave him, and seek some other service; but requested she might be informed by him, the first time he settled for any time in any place whatsoever, as she should be happy to join him there, and would spend her life in his service. She added, that if her departure at that time put him to the smallest inconvenience, she would pursue her journey with him at any risque, as she preferred dying in his service to giving him the least umbrage by leaving it.

To this the knight replied, "My good friend, Oswald, I have, ever since we landed, perceived that your strength

was



“ was greatly disproportioned to your  
“ good will; and have imagined that  
“ your quitting my service might essen-  
“ tially benefit both of us, but did not  
“ like to propose it, because I perceiv-  
“ ed your sensibility is easily wounded,  
“ and feared you might attribute my  
“ wish to part with you to dissatisfac-  
“ tion at your services, which, I assure  
“ you, have exceeded my hopes, and  
“ anticipated my needs. The advantage  
“ I propose to myself by your leaving  
“ me is this;—you can then be a sort  
“ of centre, through which I can hold  
“ correspondence with my friend Ber-  
“ tram, and my squire Launcelot. If  
“ you fix yourself at any given place,  
“ I will write to you as soon as I am  
“ settled for any continuance any where,  
“ and let you know it. You can, in  
“ the mean time, write to Normandy,  
“ and let me know what answers you  
“ receive from thence:—perhaps, through  
“ your hand, I may first be blessed with  
“ news of my beloved Rosalind.”

This

This arrangement was most welcome to the lady; she proposed putting it in execution without delay, and said she saw a town a little way to the right of them; that if the knight would wait for her, where he was, she would go there, and as soon as she could fix a place, where letters for her might be received, she would return and let him know, and then lose no time in pursuing his directions.

Edmund much approved this idea, and offered, out of his purse, to supply her with money to live on till she should be established in some other service: this Rosalind, recollecting the use to which he had so generously devoted his ready cash, immediately refused, saying, poverty had not driven her into his service; but, immediately after, fearing her disinterestedness might appear too much like pride, or create some suspicion, she added, she preferred leaving the small sum which he might conceive due to her in the knight's hand, as she knew that would influence



influence his generosity not to forget her, but to take her again into his service whenever he wanted an attendant.

She then departed, and in a short time returned, and informed our adventurer, that any letters directed to her, and left with the porter of the monastery, would certainly find her. Having no pretence to continue in discourse, she took leave of him, but could not restrain her tears at parting, which so affected Edmund, ever open to exhibitions of affection or esteem for him, that, when she offered to kiss his hand, he prevented her, and kissed her with great warmth and cordiality:—an action which, though it made her cheeks glow, excited so many rapturous sensations, that it enabled her to part from him with infinitely less pain than she would else have felt.

Matravers, now no longer impeded in his journey by an attendant incapable of bearing the fatigue to which his eagerness exposed him, pursued it with hardly any intermission for some days, during which

which he met with no adventure; indeed, he hardly ever saw an human being, for he took such unfrequented ways, for fear of being discovered, that, though his haste was great and himself indefatigable, his progress was by no means proportionable.

One day, as he rode through a thick wood, in Yorkshire, he perceived, at a considerable distance from him, riding slowly, and all alone, a knight completely armed, and accoutred; whom, from some parts of his arms, his size, and other circumstances, he could not help fancying to be Beauchamp. Unwilling to join company with any one else, or unnecessarily to make himself known, he was, for some time, puzzled how to act; for, though his blood boiled to revenge the ungenerous stab Bertram had received, and to punish him for the brutality of his behaviour to that worthy youth, yet he could not bear the thought, if he was mistaken, of deviating from the laws of courtesy, by learning of a strange knight who he

was,



was, and afterwards refusing him the like satisfaction.

He rode slowly after the cavalier, his eye constantly fixed on him, but yet keeping in such a direction as not to be perceived by him, deliberating in what manner to come to a knowledge if he was the person he took him for, but fixing on no scheme which pleased his imagination, when fortunately a countryman on horseback crossed the way he was going, whom he immediately instructed what to say to the unknown knight, and waited the result.

The person before him was Beauchamp himself, who, having paid his quota towards the king's ransom, and arranged some other matters, was now proceeding into Northumberland to demand of his uncle the restoration of the money he had lent him, and determined to omit no means in his power to make him pay it. He had brought no squire with him from Normandy, and was yet too sullen and too much out of temper with himself, and all around him, to think of providing himself

himself with another; consequently he rode quite alone, content with such accommodations and assistance as he could meet with at inns and cottages where he casually put up, and felt himself most pleased in indulging this solitary humour, so congenial to his present gloomy ideas.

The clown soon rode up to him, and craved his pardon and free leave to utter a commission he was charged with, saying, that unless he would pledge his knightly word not to do him any injury, he would retain in his own breast the message he had been desired to deliver.

Beauchamp readily made the promise required of him, and then the man, producing the spur our hero had taken from him at Montford Castle, asked,

“Do you know this spur, Sir Knight?”

Rage and fury at this question for a while suspended Beauchamp's powers; thrice he half-unsheathed his sword to allay his choler in the blood of the messenger, and thrice recollection of his so recent promise restrained him: at length



length he made shift to ask the clown where he got the spur, and why he asked him about it?

"Nay, I would not have asked you," said the man, "if I had known you would be angry:—I had the spur of a knight like yourself, who desired me to shew it to you, and return and tell him what you said about it."

"And where is he?" inquired the indignant Beauchamp.

"Only a little way off, just behind yon clump of trees," said the lout, "waiting for my answer."

"Tell him then," said Hugh, "that I know the spur, and am glad to have found the thief who stole it; that he shall not escape out of my hands, though he had a scoundrel baron, and all his forest companions to back him."

"—Tell him I wait for him in this plain," added he, "and dare him to face me here."

The countryman, who had seen Beauchamp in so great a passion, from a mes-

sage

sage he, not knowing what it meant, had deemed civil and polite enough, was afraid to bear this insolent answer back to our hero. At first he thought of clapping spurs to his beast, and making the best of his way from them both, but he feared pursuit. After some consideration he determined not to deliver the message he had received, but such an one as would make the parties see one another, and leave them to their explanations, while he rode off at full speed.

In pursuance of this resolution he went to Edmund, saying he had made the inquiry he desired, and that the knight had made answer he knew nothing of the spur, but wished to see the person who had sent it, and had kept it till he should come to him to explain why he asked such a question.

Our adventurer incensed at this event, which intirely frustrated his intention of remaining unknown to the cavalier, if he was not the owner of the spur, was ready



ready to have punished the lout for the awkward way in which he had managed the business.

He restrained his fury, however, by a recollection of the unworthiness of the aggressor, and made haste to the spot whither he was directed, determined, if possible, to avoid disclosing himself to the cavalier who was waiting for him, while the clown made all the speed he could out of his reach, vowing within himself, never again, if he could help it, to have any thing to do with knights, or any such choleric personages.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

NO sooner was Edmund in sight, than the angry Beauchamp, who had been anxiously expecting him, clapped spurs to his charger, and ran at him with such furious precipitancy, that had not our hero, with singular dexterity, avoided the encounter, his life would have paid for his messenger's incorrectness.

Amazed at so unexpected an attack, he reined in his steed, and when Beauchamp was able to recover himself a little and wheel about, made signal that he wished to speak to him; he however would not give the proposal a thought, but prepared himself to renew the attack, exclaiming, with a loud voice, as he recommenced his career,

“ Defend



“Defend yourself, miscreant! defend  
“yourself. In vain you hope to take  
“off the edge of my just resentment by  
“concessions or evasions: those who in-  
“jure and affront Hugh Beauchamp never  
“have cause to triumph in their impu-  
“nity.”

Our hero was by these words trans-  
ported beyond his usual anger:—they made  
him perceive he had been imposed on  
by the clown, and, at the same time,  
shewed him that his adversary imputed  
his backwardness to motives he disdained.

Little preparation was necessary for him  
to be in a condition to meet any assault:  
he fixed himself in his stirrups, touched  
his lance, and, when Beauchamp renew-  
ed his career, began his own at the  
exact time, and met him half way, with  
a strength and dexterity, which, had he  
not been known to him before, would  
have effectually convinced the baron that  
he had not now to deal with a novice in  
the school of Mars, or a man who would  
afford him a cheap conquest. Their

lances were both broke to pieces by the fury of the assault, and, though their horses stood for a while confounded by the impetuosity of the shock, neither of the knights seemed at all conscious of it, but kept their seats unmoved, and drew their swords without losing a moment's time.

Perhaps no combat was ever more equally fought; the combatants were equal in every respect; both young, full of spirit, and strength: burning with indignation, and animated to the most deadly pitch of fury against each other, they fought with an acrimony and violence seldom witnessed; they struck, they parried, they made feints, and endeavoured by all means rage could inspire, and experience suggest, to gain an advantage, but without effect; till at length, by a random stroke from his adversary, our hero's horse fell under him.

He was not hurt, or much disconcerted at the accident:—he expected Beauchamp would have dismounted to fight on equal terms, but, as the affair had as yet been conducted



conducted without speaking, he scorned to make a request of it, and the other, full of indignation, and desirous at any rate to finish the combat, would not of his own accord propose it, but returned to the charge with the same violence as before.

Used as Edmund was, as an exercise in arms, to practise fighting under such circumstances, there were not now so great odds in the combat as might appear; his quickness of sight, and corporeal agility, enabled him to avoid being trampled on; and though he considered his antagonist's conduct far from honourable, he disdained to bring him to an equality by so unknighly an act as killing his charger; he could not think of staining his sword with the blood of a beast.

Soon, however, an opportunity offered of cutting Beauchamp's reins, which he delayed not to perform; and his horse, now no longer under command, plunged about the field disobedient to his will, and more an hindrance than an advan-

tage. Edmund did not pursue him as often as he ran to a distance, but, when he approached, generally seized him by a piece of the bridle which hung down, and, when he saw Hugh aiming a mighty stroke at him, turned his horse so as to frustrate its direction.

This stratagem, often repeated, wore out his antagonist's strength and temper very much, and soon after he found himself still less able to keep his seat, Edmund having cut one of his stirrup leathers. Thus circumstanced, he would gladly have dismounted, but could not ~~ask~~ for time to do so with any reasonable expectation of compliance, after his own ungenerous behaviour. At length, however, he lost his other stirrup, and being unable to regain it, took an opportunity, when his steel had carried him to a considerable distance, to leap off, which he had the good fortune to effect without injury, and pitching on his legs let the horse run loose, and waited on foot the attack of our hero.

Thus



Thus rendered equal, the combat was resumed on both sides with greater fury than before. Each of them had lost his temper in a very great degree, and each rained on the other so dreadful a shower of blows, as no armour could resist; their's was cut away in many places, and the blood flowed profusely from both, till at length, wearied and exhausted, they were obliged, by implied consent, for neither yet spoke a word, to desist a while, and pause, to recover breath and spirits to renew their dreadful employment. They leant on their swords, contemplating with gloomy joy the gashes they had made, and looking carefully at each other, to find where they might, with best effect, make a mortal attempt, when their breathing time should be out.

While they were thus employed, Beauchamp, boiling with rage, could not help venting some of it in words, and thus addressed our hero:

H 3 "How  
never-I " not-viable and the  
didst "

"How could you expect, paltry fel-  
 "low, disgrace to knighthood, that, after  
 "sending me the spur you and your  
 "fellow thieves stole from me at Mont-  
 "ford Castle, I should listen to the base  
 "suggestions of your fear, and permit  
 "my just and unavoidable vengeance to  
 "be averted by idle words?" "You should  
 "A braggart tongue," answered Ed-  
 "mund, with ineffable contempt, "be-  
 "comes a traitor's mouth. Had I felt  
 "the emotions you impute to me, should  
 "I, think you, have sent you the spur  
 "you mention? I found you, not you  
 "me; I could have avoided you, if I  
 "would; but my misunderstanding at  
 "first arose from the misrepresentation  
 "of the man I sent to you; he brought  
 "me back a courteous answer, and such  
 "an one I never could expect from  
 "Hugh Beauchamp." "You should  
 "Hugh Beauchamp speak with court-  
 "esy to the captain of the outlaws of  
 "Northumberland!" answered the other,  
 "stung with this observation, "Heaven  
 "forbid.



" forbid! I pursue my duty in extermi-  
" nating such wretches, and neither cap-  
" tain or gang shall again escape me;  
" for, as soon as I shall have made an end of  
" you, I will make it a business to raise  
" again the posse of the country, and then  
" it will not be in the power of either  
" the Baron de Montford, or his son,  
" your old associates, to avert the effects  
" of my fury; I will carry your head  
" on the point of my sword, to show your  
" colleagues how little mercy they have to  
" expect at my hands. 'Qu'and vous l'avez  
" dit." Why, O who the devil have we here?"  
" exclaimed our adventurer, with a disdain-  
" ful horse laugh, " that disposes of heads,  
" and exterminates men by hundreds,  
" with such ease, I cannot, surely, be  
" the recreant craven who gave the chal-  
" lenge at Montford Castle, and whom  
" I had the honor to beat there:—who  
" afterwards seized me behind, and laid  
" me in a dungeon:—who since fought a  
" noble youth, his cousin, without of-  
" fence, and stabbed him as he lay help-

helpless on the ground!—A knight of  
 of such a description should be solicitous  
 to hide his own head, and not talk of  
 exposing the heads of others; more es-  
 pecially of a person who has before  
 been beaten, and is in the act of beating him  
 at the present moment.”

These inelegant railings produced dif-  
 ferent effects on their hearers:—Beau-  
 champ was inflamed with choler: the  
 topics Edmund had introduced touched  
 all the strings which governed his passions,  
 and gave him up to the most implacable  
 fury, to such a degree as to pervert his  
 reason, and disorder his frame; while our  
 hero, as soon as he had uttered his last  
 opprobrious speech, became conscious of  
 the folly and impropriety of suffering  
 himself to be provoked to use such lan-  
 guage, and determined, if any more of  
 the kind transpired, to allay the ardency  
 of his choler with patience, and to suf-  
 fer his adversary to vent his spleen with-  
 out a reply.

But



But Beauchamp did not give him an opportunity to practice his purposed self-denial. Though not yet near sufficiently rested, he sprang up, uttering a volley of oaths, curses, and opprobrious epithets, and, running at Edmund, renewed the combat with a fury hardly hitherto equalled, but which did not seem to promise long continuance.

Our hero received his assault with calmness, reserving himself till its violence should be spent, then promising himself a sure and easy victory; in this reckoning, however, he was much deceived. Rage, in his adversary, supplied every corporal deficiency, and the use of arms was so much, by habit, natural to him, that nothing he did, though in the *tempest and very whirlwind of passion*, betrayed the least want of judgment, or symptom of forgetfulness. Edmund sustained several wounds before he would leave, acting merely on the defensive, but at length he charged in his turn, and repaid the hurts he had received with interest.

The combat which now grew exceedingly dreadful; the armour of each was cut away in many parts, and many gaping wounds seemed ready for pity, though the knights would listen to the dictates of fury alone. 16 Edmund had been most thrifty of his strength, and in the end found the advantage of it; for Beauchamp was now again reduced into his former state of weakness; his loss of blood was greater than that of his adversary, and his exertions had been greater, and choler and indignation had parched and exhausted him. 17 Marjavers, at length, watching a favourable opportunity, summoned all his strength into one desperate effort, and discharged so furious a blow upon the helmet of his antagonist that, though it did not yet break through it, it completely stunned and overpowered him. 18 The light shook his eyes, and he fell prostrate on the ground. The knight rejoined himself unable to remove his footing, staggered forward a few paces, and fell. 19 As he had received but one hurt,

The

H

Soon,



Soon, however, his powers returned, and he looked with pity on his fallen enemy. Anger, in his breast, never existed after the conquest or humiliation of a foe; and he approached Beauclamp, hoping he might yet be alive, and that generous treatment might bring him to a just sense of his own violence, and a proper feeling towards himself, and the baron and family. Full of these ideas he approached the spot where he lay, and, unbinding his helmet, had the satisfaction to perceive that the breeze almost immediately revived him. He looked up, and said, "Live, Beauclamp!" and, holding out his hand, and smiling him to life, bled, and let us henceforth entertain more generous sentiments of each other. He turned to the victor, and said, "I scorn life or pity at the hands of such a villain," exclaimed Beauclamp, drawing his dagger, with which he thrust at the heart of his enemy with so good an aim, and so much force, that it pierced

H H 6. through

through his mail, and stuck in his left side.

Inced at this perfidious conduct, Edmund threw him from him, down to earth again, and, at one blow, almost severed his head from his body.

He had little hope that he should enjoy any advantages of his victory: he was enfeebled by the length of the combat, and perceived the stream of life ebbing away very fast, especially at the wound he last received. His own horse was dead, and Beauchamp's run away, he knew not whither. If he had had a horse, he knew not which way to look for assistance, and reflected, that if he attempted to stir from the spot he should only increase his feebleness, and accelerate his own death. He fancied the place he was in would most probably bring some person or other to his succour, for the grass plot afforded good pasture, and the traces of sheep were to be seen about it.

He



He took off some of his armour, and viewed his wounds, which he could not help considering mortal. They appeared to pass the art of surgery. He took his mantle and wrapped himself up in it, hoping, by these means, to preserve the vital heat till somebody came. He reflected with pleasure, that, by killing Beauchamp, he had, most probably, cancelled the Baron de Montford's debt to him; and that thus, even his last drop of blood would not be shed without eventual benefit to his adored Rosalind.

He indulged these contemplations till he was quite exhausted by the loss of blood, and, after experiencing much agony and a dreadful shivering, which he took for the forerunner of death, he fell down insensible at the foot of a tree, where he had been sitting.

He took off some of his armour and viewed his wounds, which he could not help considering mortal. They appeared

to pass the **CHAP. XIV** He took his mantle and wrapped himself up in it, hoping by these means to preserve

himself. He was surprized, when he recovered from this death-like swoon, to find

himself laid on a bed stiff with plaisters and bandages with which he was swathed.

His first recollection served to inform him, how he had been left after his conflict

with Beauchamp, and he could guess, that to some fortunate intervention he owed the

comfortable situation in which he now found himself, but whence that could

have originated, or to whom he was obliged, he had no means to inform himself, and

there was no person in the room of whom to make inquiry, as the door was shut.

He felt extremely weak and much oppressed with thirst. He endeavoured to

call out, but found his voice reduced to a feeble whine, and his powers of articulation

intirely suppressed. Yet he felt an internal



nal complacency, and was not at all out of patience at the necessity he felt himself under of waiting [the voluntary] or casual entrance of some person, of whom he might make inquiries he longed to have resolved.

At length he saw an old man enter the apartment, whose figure might, without any great force of imagination at that time, when romantic legends met with implicit credit, have passed for some sage or enchanter, who had interested himself in the welfare of the knight, and had withdrawn him to his bower or cave by the art of magic, in order to cure his wounds and restore his decayed powers. He was clad in a long russet cloak, which was bound about his middle with a cord, and covered him down to the feet. His hair and beard were white as snow, and his head was covered with a fur cap, which fitted it close in every part. This venerable figure approached the bed, and seemed to look on Edmond with an air of despondency, which, however,

ever, was quickly changed, when he saw him look up in his face with a cheerful though feeble smile. He took up one of his hands, which as soon as he felt, he lifted his eyes up to heaven, apparently ejaculating thanks. Edmund, still unable to speak, pointed to his tongue; a signal his friend understood, and immediately supplied him with some warm diluting liquid.

For some days after this Edmund found himself constantly attended, his wants supplied, and every care taken of him by this same person. As his strength increased, his powers of speech returned, and he endeavoured to get him into conversation, but this was constantly avoided; for the old man, as soon as his patient asked a question, laid his finger on his lips, to enjoin silence, and, if that signal was not obeyed, left the room.

In time, however, as Edmund's increasing spirits denoted a more confirmed recovery, his friend relaxed in his strictness; and from a series of conversation he



he drew from him an account of his coming there, which was thus:—  
 The clown, who had carried the messages between Matravers and his late antagonist, galloping away as fast as his little horse would carry him, in hopes to reach home before he could be overtaken, met, by accident, with the old man, who, from the place of his residence, was known to the country people thereabouts by the name of the Old Man of the Cave, and from his kindness to them, and the exertion of his knowledge in simples and surgery in their behalf, was held in great respect.  
 As soon as he saw him, he exclaimed, "Ah! father; egad there will be work for you anon hard by." Being asked what he meant, he stated, with much prolixity, the messages he had been bearer of, the terrors he had been in, and the conviction he entertained that the two knights would soon come to blows. The old man insisted he should conduct him to the spot, which he, for a long time,

time, refused; nor would he consent at last, till he had been to get two neighbours, friends of his, to go with him, and then they all set out, and were led to the place where our adventurer lay, whom the lout, seeing he had no mischief to apprehend, willingly lent a hand to carry to the old man's abode, where, with much difficulty, he had been brought to life, and with much more difficulty preserved alive, for he was terribly weakened by his loss of blood, and his recovery had been much retarded by a fever, which his old preserver had feared would frustrate all his skill; nor was he at all assured of the success of his efforts till the day he saw him give signs of returning sense, which was a fortnight from his finding him. The body of Beauchamp had been buried without ceremony. Our hero was not deficient in thanks to the old man for his kindness. His appearance, which was venerable in the extreme, combined with the service he had rendered, and the tenderness he had shewn



shewn him, attached Edmund to him extremely; and the philanthropy, and goodness of heart, he so frequently saw him exercise towards the poor who resided near him, and to whom he was both physician and judge, curing their hurts and composing their quarrels, made him look on him as an object of the highest admiration. He did not in his manner or fare affect the austerity of a hermit, yet his solitary residence, partly dug out of the side of a hill, and partly formed of trees and fibrous shrubs closely interwoven, in which he seldom permitted any to intrude who did not want his assistance, and from which he never went out but for purposes of charity, or necessary exercise, constantly inspired an idea of his claim to that character.

His care soon restored Edmund his strength, in a sufficient degree to walk about, and converse with ease, and without interruption. In the course of familiar conversation, he was astonished to find in his benevolent old host a fund of know-

knowledge, a dignity of manner, and politeness of address, which left him no doubt that, though now obscured, he had once shone with considerable brightness in the great world. He would have asked a recital of his adventures, which he doubted not must be instructive and entertaining, but the dread of recalling past scenes of woe, and reviving dormant sensations of anguish, restrained him.

The old man, however, from to time time, drew from Edmund an account of his life; and our hero was not a little surprized to observe, that he accompanied particular parts of his narrative with floods of tears; a sight which his age and venerable appearance made extremely painful; inasmuch as it convinced Edmund of his extraordinary sensibility, and by sympathy opened the wounds in his bosom anew.

He descanted frequently on various parts of his story, and though, in general, he expressed a sincere approbation of his conduct, and drew the most favourable

omens



omens of his future life from the scenes of activity in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had sustained, he could not help expressing his extreme disapprobation of his sentiments, and deportment, in some particular instances.

He disapproved particularly of his permitting adversity, persecution, and family misfortunes, to warp his religious sentiments; he discommended his apathy on the subject, to which his amiable mistress had so particularly directed his attention, and even, in the warmth of amicable remonstrance, disputed the sincerity of the passion which could permit its possessor to be so regardless of an injunction so seriously given, and the observance of which was made so strong a point.

"If," said the old man, "you had  
"adopted the principles of any sect; if  
"you had even turned Arian or atheist,  
"there would be some hopes of your  
"future welfare; because, in endeavour-  
"ing to collect arguments to justify a  
"preference, you would have acknow-  
"ledged yourself open to the assaults  
"of

“ of reason, which, sooner or later, must,  
“ by its own force, have beat down the bar-  
“ riers of error, or even infidelity ; but to  
“ feel that there exist certain points which  
“ the wisdom of ages has established as  
“ necessary, and of universal importance,  
“ and neither to coincide with, or differ  
“ from them, indicates a torpor and dull-  
“ ness of mind, which can never be  
“ reconciled to the activity of spirit,  
“ and ardour of imagination, which, in  
“ general, form your characteristic.”

“ I could hear you argue for ever with  
“ pleasure, my good father,” cried Ed-  
mund, perceiving the old man stop for  
a reply ; “ for the reasons you have urged  
“ this morning are the exact counter-  
“ part of what fell from my beloved  
“ Rosalind, when she once spoke to me  
“ on the subject. I confess my neglect  
“ of it since : my life has been passed  
“ in the bustle of self-preservation, and  
“ in the anxious efforts to avoid being  
“ made a victim to the tenets of the  
“ religion you recommend, for a merely  
“ imaginary



“ imaginary crime. And is it possible,”  
continued he, warming with the subject,  
“ is it possible you, my worthy preserver,  
“ possible as you are of the facts which  
“ have deprived me of parents, friends,  
“ fortune, and all the comforts and respect-  
“ abilities of life, can recommend me  
“ seriously to join communion, and  
“ hold friendship, and similarity of opi-  
“ nion, with those who have reduced me  
“ from the rank and situation I ought  
“ to hold, of a wealthy and powerful  
“ baron, to that of a wandering outlaw?  
“ Can forgiveness go such lengths, and  
“ amicable fellowship follow such inju-  
“ ries?—I fear not. I never knew my-  
“ self implacable, or felt my bosom steeled  
“ against conviction; but, in the present  
“ instance, I much fear it is not in the  
“ power of reasoning to shake my opi-  
“ nion, or of persuasion to make me  
“ alter my present resolution, which is,  
“ never to enter the pale of that church,  
“ where the murderer of my father,

“ mortal enemy, has been admitted.”

“ mother, best friend, and his innocent  
“ and amiable wife, is esteemed a saint.”

“ Youth,” said the old man, with extraordinary gravity, and a sternness of visage which hardly seemed proper to him,  
“ had you with modesty and self-denial,  
“ with an acknowledged conviction of  
“ your error, delivered the reasons I have  
“ just heard, as palliatives of your past conduct, or extenuations of the culpable  
“ neglect of which you have been guilty, I  
“ should have heard you with pity, and,  
“ if I had not approved your sentiments,  
“ they would have escaped my severe  
“ condemnation; but when I hear the  
“ transports of rage, and the fury inspired by recollected injury, substituted  
“ for calm argument, and proposed as  
“ an invariable rule for the future  
“ conduct of your life, I confess myself  
“ unable to make any allowances, large  
“ enough, to reconcile your mode of thinking to any thing like propriety, or  
“ candour. You make an appeal to my  
“ reason, and even my moderation, by  
“ referring



“referring to the events of your calamitous life, yet deny me the like resource in your own breast, by declaring yourself resolutely fixed, and that argument shall not shake your determination. Such a resolution is in itself sufficient to deter any but the most resolute friendship from attempting any thing in your behalf, in the way of persuasion; yet I will no more be prevented from doing my duty in respect of your immortal part, by the unfound declarations of your now perverted intellects, than I was in exerting myself in behalf of your mortal fabric, by the ravings and oppositions of your feverish delirium: in neither case I reckon you capable of acting or judging for yourself. The mind and body, under the impressions of pain or sickness, refuse aid or consolation in a manner equally peremptory; but the mental as well as the corporeal physician must, in such a case, exercise authority, or even force, if neces-

“sary, to compel his patient to submit  
“to his regimen.”

These words were delivered with an earnestness which convinced our hero that the old man had his well-being very much at heart. The reproach they implied made him feel acutely the pains of self-condemnation, for precipitancy and obstinacy: he bowed respectful attention, and the old man thus proceeded:—

“In analysing your motives for re-  
“jecting the communion of our holy  
“religion, I am under the necessity of  
“supposing you have adopted one or the  
“other of these principles, and formed  
“your conduct upon it, namely, that  
“because priests do not possess perfec-  
“tion, or men unlimited discernment,  
“the religion those teach, or these fol-  
“low, must be fallacious and ineffici-  
“ent; or that because you are materially  
“injured, and deprived of some essen-  
“tial benefit, by a priest, you are to  
“add to your misfortune, that of re-  
“jecting



“jecting the most copious and never-  
“failing source of mental consolation,  
“that of free union and undissembled  
“fraternity with those whose purer  
“minds, and more enlarged benevolence,  
“would raise you to an immediate in-  
“timacy with that great first cause, whom,  
“though you affect not to serve, you  
“pretend not to deny.—In other words,  
“because a servant of your heavenly  
“father has injured, or given you cause  
“of umbrage, you deprive yourself of  
“the benefits of his countenance and  
“protection, and, by an obstinate fullen-  
“ness, renounce those advantages you  
“might so easily secure; for they re-  
“liberally tendered, and easily attained.  
“In making this abstract statement, you  
“may, perhaps, think I bear too hard  
“on you; but carefully examine your  
“own conduct by the standard I have  
“established, and see if it does not very  
“fairly refer itself to it.”

He then proceeded to recapitulate most  
of the events of our hero's life which

had any reference to his religious indifference, and inferred from them arguments in support of the principles he had laid down, and was particularly severe on his two attacks on the life of Hubert.

"Were your conduct dictated by legitimate motives," said he, "you would not have sought a base personal satisfaction, in the death of the delinquent, but have waited till time or circumstances should have unravelled his villainies, and thus made his exit beneficial to society, or else have left him to the attacks of his own remorse, to which sooner or later he will assuredly be subject. Had you succeeded in either of your attempts, you would have only caused additional honors to be heaped on his name, and additional execrations on your own; so ill-judging a passion is revenge."

This discourse was renewed at intervals during the whole day, in which the necessity of permitting evil to exist was defended, and the justice of providence in



in all its dispensations vindicated; and the old man obviated difficulties started by Edmund with so much success, that, when they separated for the evening, he promised to turn the matter very seriously in his mind, and to give him his sentiments on all he had said very speedily.

## CHAP. XV.

LEFT to himself, Edmund ruminated incessantly on what had fallen from his friend. The solemnity and majesty of his manner; the warmth with which he enforced his reasons; without once descending from the dignity of argument; the conviction of his disinterestedness; and, above all, the excellence and irrefragable truth of his assertions, struck the youth in an unusual manner. His fault had hitherto been that of listening to the voice of anger, instead of that of reason; but conviction was in his mind ever attended with a sincere desire to reform what was amiss, and in consequence he lay awake the most part of the night, ruminating on the best methods of manifesting his repentance, and reuniting himself with the church, but  
could



could hit on none which pleased him, and resolved to leave the matter to the prudence of his old adviser.

But though he could not ascertain the mode, his ardent fancy speedily ran over the consequences; and the gratification his reformation, in this particular, would be to his dear Rosalind, was not the last or least agreeable in the train. Yet though this idea was so charming to him, in the shape of a reward, it could never have found access to his mind as a motive; for, as he scorned hypocrisy and dissimulation, in all their degrees, he could never resolve to affect a conviction he did not feel, or even to have embraced a divine truth from a sordid impulse. As benefit and gratification attended conviction, he was joyful to receive them; but had they been to precede, or seem to influence it, he must have rejected the one or the other.

Even as it was the delicacy of his mind presented him with some scruples on the subject, in which conscious inte-

grity could hardly relieve him; on these, however, he determined to consult the old man, for whom his veneration was now much increased.

The very fact of having resolved to embrace and strictly adhere to the duties of religion, infused in his mind a serenity he had not for a long time felt. His spirits were light and alert, and his sensations were, to compare great things with small, similar to those of a man who has just formed, or renewed, an intimacy with some exalted and valuable personage, whom before they had not known, or neglected. He slept but little, yet rose refreshed, and met the old man with cheerfulness and joy.

An unconcerned spectator might have discerned in their countenances that each wished to begin a conversation, but neither could do it. The old man was deterred by the fear of seeming intrusive; the knight by modesty, and that abated confidence in himself which ever attends a recent emancipation from the chains



chains of error. However, after much  
hesitation, our hero said,

“ I come, my good father, in a very  
“ different frame of mind from what  
“ I was in yesterday, to acknowledge  
“ the error of my former neglect, and  
“ wilful obstinacy; and to thank you for  
“ the pains you took to explain and make  
“ clear to me those matters, which, from  
“ want of proper considerations, and from  
“ my never before having met with a  
“ friend so zealous and able as your-  
“ self, I never had properly compre-  
“ hended; I am now determined to em-  
“ brace, and, as much as human weak-  
“ ness will permit, square my conduct  
“ by, those excellent rules you have  
“ pointed out, and to do every thing, a  
“ sincere repentance, and unaffected con-  
“ trition can effect, towards atoning  
“ for my past neglect of my duties,  
“ and my refractory stubbornness against  
“ those convictions and mortifications,  
“ which, though the cause or motive  
“ of them is hid from weak human eyes,

and so forth.”

I 5

“ I ac-

"I acknowledge to be salutary and mer-  
"ciful exertions of the divine arm."

"I am sincerely rejoiced, my good  
"friend," said the old man, "that it  
"has pleased heaven to bless my humble  
"efforts in your behalf, in the double  
"sense in which they have been exerted.  
"There is nothing now on earth can  
"afford me equal pleasure with having  
"so essentially contributed to your wel-  
"fare; but my first good offices are  
"trifling, and, in the comparative ef-  
"fect, nothing to those which have il-  
"luminated your mind, and corrected your  
"perverted ideas."

"I acknowledge the benefit I have re-  
"ceived," answered Edmund, "and only  
"wish to be put in a way to render  
"it permanent, by being enabled to act  
"in such a manner as will intitle me  
"to the present and future advantages  
"to result from my abandoning my for-  
"mer tenets, or, at least, getting rid  
"of my indifference. This, I am afraid,  
"will not be in my power while my  
"sentence



“ sentence of excommunication is in  
“ force, as that will still keep me with-  
“ out the pale of the church, to which  
“ I so much long to be reconciled.”

“ To remedy this,” said the old man,  
“ I see no mode so proper as that you  
“ should go to Rome, and throw your-  
“ self at the feet of the father of the  
“ church; he will absolve you, at once,  
“ from your past sins, reverse your sen-  
“ tence, and send you back well recom-  
“ mended to the attention of the king.  
“ Your going there will operate on his  
“ consideration like a penance, and no  
“ step you can possibly take can con-  
“ duce so much to your interests, both  
“ temporal and spiritual.”

But you are not unacquainted,” in-  
terrupted Edmund, “ with the occasion  
“ of my present journey into Northum-  
“ berland, which now is only delayed  
“ by my incapacity to proceed: an in-  
“ capacity hourly more irksome to me,  
“ as I know not to what inconvenience,  
“ or distress, my protracted absence may  
“ expose.”

"expose the Baron de Montford; and  
"were I to take a voyage to Italy, with-  
"out going to him, I am afraid to think  
"of the possible effects."

The old man smiled at this speech; one of these indescribable smiles, by which a person indicates a knowledge of a concealed motive, yet neither accuses the party of duplicity, or seems displeased or offended at it.

"You forget," answered he, "that  
"by the death of Beauchamp all the  
"baron's fears are done away on his score;  
"and as to the payment of the money  
"for the king's ransom, that cannot incon-  
"venience him much, as his estate is  
"now freed from the necessary incum-  
"brance of his niece's dower; at least  
"I suppose so; for it hardly seems pro-  
"bable that he will pay the remainder  
"of that, after what has happened. Come,  
"come," added he, "be a little more  
"candid; I know you cannot bear the  
"thought of leaving this country till  
"you have ascertained the retreat of the  
"lady



"lady Rosalind: but go to Rome, never-  
 "theless, and let it be your consolation;  
 "that, in so doing, you render your-  
 "self more worthy of, and do away a  
 "powerful obstacle to, the possession of  
 "that lady; and you obliterate in her  
 "mind, by an act of anticipation, every  
 "idea which might possibly intrude it-  
 "self, there, of the insincerity, or not  
 "great suddenness, of your reformation."

Our adventurer made no direct an-  
 swer to these observations, but exclaim-  
 ed, with a deep drawn sigh, "Would  
 I to heaven I had thought as I now do  
 "some years ago, and gone to the crusade;  
 "how much of pain should I have  
 "escaped."

"This observation of yours," said the  
 old man, "touches me most nearly. My  
 "arguments prevented your so doing;  
 "my interference frustrated the wishes  
 "you then entertained, though, out of  
 "complaisance to me, you forbore to  
 "press them. Yet I am, surely, suffici-  
 "ently punished for it. I have lost my  
 "beloved

“beloved son in a manner too shocking  
 “to think of with patience; and since  
 “his death, banished from all society,  
 “have lived here in a state, compared to  
 “my former being, little superior to  
 “vegetation.”

When Edmund finished his last words, he had fixed his eyes on the ground in that hesitative suspense which a man feels who is called to relinquish some favourite project, which he begins to feel incompatible with his duty; but when, in the course of the old man's reply, he lifted up his eyes, he found he had slipped off his long cloak and part of his beard, and the first view of his tearful countenance brought to his recollection his old friend the Earl Fitzowen.

He immediately dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand with filial reverence. A thousand confused recollections rushed on his mind and kept him speechless. His sense of obligation to his kind host was increased to a very painful degree, while the motives of several parts of his  
 beloved conduct



conduct, his kindness to him, and sensibility to his woes, and extraordinary emotions when he heard those parts of his story which related to the unhappy Walter, stood all unravelled. His various sensations would most probably have been too powerful for him, in his present weak state of convalescence, but he was relieved by a copious shower of tears.

The earl raised him with care, and retired a while to give vent to his own emotions, and to give his young friend an opportunity of composing himself, which would not so readily have occurred had they continued together; for sympathy would have increased his weakness, and rendered him less capable of suppressing its effects.

When he returned, conversation began to be renewed, and each seemed considerably more at ease; when, at length, Matravers requested the earl to inform him what his motives had been for concealing himself in that dismal place, and  
leading

leading a life so ill suited to his rank and former mode of living.

"I had better," said Fitzowen, "re-  
late to you, at once, all that has hap-  
pened to me since you left me last  
year; it is but little, and will save you  
many questions.

"I knew your project of rescuing the  
unhappy Jaqueline, as soon as my son  
and you left London. Blanch waited  
on me, and, anxious to exculpate  
herself from the probable event, told  
me all she knew about it. I was,  
at first, rather hurt at Walter's and  
your departure, without consulting me;  
because, indulgent as I had been, I  
thought such a want of confidence  
blameable in the highest degree. Yet  
my partiality soon framed excuses for  
your reserve, and, as I could not feel  
much displeased with a scheme so bold,  
and which favoured so strongly of that  
adventurous spirit I had always so  
much encouraged, I waited, with im-  
patience,



“ patience, to hear of the event, which  
“ I entertained no doubt would be for-  
“ tunate, and completely mortifying to  
“ the Count de la Maise. I waited in  
“ this suspense some days, when, to my  
“ great surprize, instead of gaining the  
“ desired intelligence, I received an ac-  
“ count of Walter’s being proclaimed a  
“ convent-breaker, and a reward set on  
“ his head. I had not, since the king’s  
“ departure, been a favourite at court;  
“ because the regents, who were priests,  
“ knew full well I was not friendly to  
“ their order, or a promoter of the holy  
“ war. On this occasion, however, I  
“ made a point of shewing myself; and  
“ that nothing might take place without  
“ my knowledge, had spies about the  
“ regents, and every where else where  
“ I had any hopes of obtaining inform-  
“ ation. From some of these I was, at length,  
“ given to understand, my son and his  
“ wife were both apprehended, and that

“ an

" an ecclesiastical commission had been  
" obtained to try them. I immediately  
" made application to the regency to  
" issue an order for their being brought  
" up to be tried at Westminster; as I  
" feared, if their trial came on in the  
" country, they might be unfairly dealt  
" by: this was not granted me without  
" some demur, and powerful solicitation.

" As soon as I had obtained it, I set  
" out, and was within a day's journey  
" of York when I met my son's squire,  
" who was waiting for your orders; and,  
" while I was talking to him, the news  
" arrived of the sentence of the court, and  
" its execution.

" This intelligence operated on my  
" brain like a thunder-stroke. I was at  
" a loss to imagine to whose malice this  
" over-great speed was to be attributed,  
" but could not bring myself to think  
" a mere general love of destruction could  
" have produced it; and thought my  
" own life would have been unsafe, ex-  
" posed



posed to the same diabolical machi-  
nations. I say nothing of my sensa-  
tions on my son's account: to do them  
justice is impossible—they exceed all  
power of description; and I leave to  
your imagination the thoughts with  
which my forlorn situation inspired me.  
Heaven spared me my health and  
intellects. I had no idea of returning  
to London; but enjoining the squire  
to say nothing of his having seen me,  
made him acquainted with my de-  
sign of retiring from the world; and  
after some search I discovered this  
spot, which, with some pains, he and  
I formed as you see it. He returned  
to me, after he saw you at York, and  
informed me of what had happened to  
you there. My retreat was not then  
finished: he staid with me till it was;  
when I sent him to London, and di-  
recting him to a secret chest, he took  
out of it, and brought down, many  
papers of consequence; and amongst  
others those which relate to you.

“ Since

" Since I have been in this retreat, se-  
 " cluded from the bustle and gaiety of  
 " the world, I have thought seriously  
 " on the events of my past life; and  
 " though, thank God, I cannot accuse  
 " myself of any flagrant enormity, or vice  
 " of a very terrific description, I felt so  
 " much remorse for my inattention to  
 " my religious duties, and my culpable  
 " disrespect for them, that often, in the  
 " anguish of my soul, I incline to believe  
 " that my delinquency, in that particular,  
 " has been punished by the extermination  
 " of all my hopes; and I rejoice that the  
 " first opportunity I had of testifying the  
 " sincerity of those sentiments, was, in  
 " converting you from the same danger-  
 " ous apathy, in which you would daily  
 " have grown more and more callous."

CHAP.

Since



## CHAP. XVI.

EDMUND was unwearied in repeating his thanks to the earl for all his kindness. His tears still continued to flow, nor could he suddenly check them, when he reflected on the extraordinary change so short a time had made in the manner of living of a person whom he had seen one of the most magnificent and respected nobles of England. The esteem he felt for him equalled filial veneration; and he made no scruple of promising to follow his advice, and obey his injunctions in every point.

"Had your arguments been less irresistible than they are," said he, "I could not, for a moment, have held in my former erroneous way of thinking, had you condescended before to inform  
" me

“ me who you were, and have convinced  
“ me by the force of example.

“ Such a conviction,” answered Fitz-owen, “ would not have been of any service, nor would it have assured me of its stability. Nothing is more dangerous to the true interests of religion than the suffering a man to be a christian on the faith of a proposed model : his tenets, in that case, depend on the correct, or irregular, deportment of the person he admires ; and very often the faith is overturned by the most shallow misapprehension, or by mere natural caprice. The model towards whom your imitative efforts ought to be bent, is One, well known, invariable, and incapable of being misunderstood. His life illustrated his precepts, and human nature is capable of no greater perfection than an humble and self-corrected imitation of him.”

“ I am surprized, my dear Sir,” said Edmund, “ you should have taken the resolution of concealing yourself, when you were in no manner implicated in  
the



the supposed guilt of your son, and would easily have been able to exculpate yourself of any charge of the kind."

"That is more than I know," answered the earl. "I am ignorant, to this hour, whose malice pursued my family; nor do I know what kind of accusation might have been brought against me, or by what proofs it might have been supported. I knew who would have been my judges, and that I was not high in their favour; therefore I had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. When the king returns I shall present myself at court, and in the firmness of conscious innocence, and a reliance on his justice, be prepared to face every accusation. My son's squire, from time to time, brings me intelligence of what passes in the great world; but I have now not seen him a long while, and am therefore quite at a loss for information."

Edmund joined in a hearty wish for the king's speedy return; and then, to change

change the course of the conversation, asked how the earl came to be acquainted with surgery and physic. He answered, the experience he had acquired in the sicknesses and wounds he had sustained in his youth, and a natural delight he had in the study, had given him the little knowledge he possessed; but he owned, the trifling complaints, submitted to him by the country people, were more qualified to exercise his good-nature, than his skill; and as to the cure of Matavers himself, he attributed it more to the mercy of providence than any human efforts; for the wounds seemed so desperate, and the fever which ensued had brought him so low, that he had long despaired of his recovery: he added, that he believed his death would have broke his heart; for it seemed to him, that heaven had thrown him thus forlorn into his way for some special purpose; but had that been merely to have seen him die, he should have thought every chance of ease, or quiet, denied him, and that the

the



the occurrence was merely a token of future restlessness and woe.

Our hero's health and strength now returned in so great a degree, as to enable him to take short excursions on foot and on horseback: Beauchamp's steed had been caught, and preserved for his use; but, as he was yet too weak to attempt his intended journey, like a half fledged bird, he went but a little way from his nest, where he soon returned, convinced of his inability to take a longer flight; his resolution to take it, however, was absolutely fixed.

Walking one day with the earls in the wood, and in earnest conversation with him, their ears were assailed by the voice of a person lamenting and weeping: they could not distinguish by the voice of which sex the complainant was; they were obliged to go some way back to get round a thick row of trees, which intercepted their view, when, on drawing near the person, Edmund, to his

great surprize, perceived it was his late  
waiterendant Oswald.

It was indeed the lovely Rosalind, who,  
in that sequestered spot, was lamenting the  
caprice and hardship of her fate. When  
she saw our hero approach, she imme-  
diately sprang up and ran to him, and,  
with expressions of more than common  
warmth, testified her joy at finding him  
again, and the regret she had felt at not  
having heard from him according to his  
promise.

Edmund in a few words recounted all  
that had befallen him since they parted,  
concealing, however, the name and quali-  
ty of his host. When he informed her  
of his intended journey, and the motive  
of it, she could hardly conceal her joy,  
and looked on the earl as a person inspired  
from heaven to effect the salvation of  
her lover. She was grieved at his having  
so long delayed to see her father, but,  
considering the great advantages which  
had resulted from it, she could not per-  
mit



mit that sentiment to reign long in her breast.

Our hero inquired the cause of her being in the place she was, and the lamentations he had heard; and she thus proceeded to gratify his curiosity.

"When I left you, sir knight, I re-

turned immediately to the porter of

the monastery, who had promised to

receive letters for me, to inquire where

I might find a lodging, for, as I thought

of staying some time at the place, I

did not like being at a public inn;

he immediately recommended me to

the family of a tradesman, where I took

up my abode. I wrote to Launcelot

that same day, and desired him, without

delay, to let me know how his master

Bertram was, and what probability

there was of his recovery. I forward-

ed this letter, and some time after

received an answer, that the exertion

Bertram had made in converting, the

day before we left Normandy, had

reduced him so much, that his life

" had been despaired of; and that Laun-  
 " celot had caused a letter to be writ-  
 " ten to his father to that effect; but  
 " that, at the time of his then writing,  
 " his matter was very much recovered,  
 " and that no doubt was entertained of  
 " his doing well, though he would not,  
 " for a long while, be able to travel.  
 " I anticipate the event of my receiv-  
 " ing an answer to my letter to keep up  
 " the connection of my subject. The  
 " day after I wrote it, I went again  
 " to the porters to get him to for-  
 " ward it for me, which he promised  
 " to do by the first of their house  
 " who was going into Normandy; when  
 " a father came up, and demanded the  
 " subject of our conversation, which the  
 " porter informed him. He eyed me  
 " with much attention, and then desired  
 " me to follow him to his cell.  
 " When we were there, he enquired  
 " what was my condition in life.  
 " I answered, I had come over from  
 " Normandy with a knight of that  
 " country,



"country, but that I was not able,  
 "from youth and a tender constitution,  
 "to follow him, and he had therefore  
 "discharged me.

"Shall you have any objection to a  
 "service of my procuring then?" asked  
 he.

"None at all, father," said I; "so  
 "far from it, it will be doing me a  
 "great favour, and an essential benefit.

"Are you acquainted with this part  
 "of the country?" said he.

"I answered, Not in the least.  
 "much the better," was his reply.

"He then gave me directions where  
 "to go, and assured me I should be  
 "instantly received. "Tell the Countess  
 "de la Mainc," said he, "that Father  
 "Hubert recommends you to her as a  
 "page."

At hearing these names, both the earl  
 and our hero started with surprize, but  
 did not say a word, while Rosalind, who  
 saw their emotion, smiled internally at  
 their needless caution.

I went

"I went to the place," continued she, "and was immediately received. My duty in the family was very light.—The countess, now a widow, saw very little company:—Father Hubert was her most constant visitor; and both were, apparently, very well satisfied with my services.

Here Rosalind stopped in her narrative, and said she could proceed no farther, unless both her hearers would solemnly swear never to disclose what she should unfold, without her leave. They made the required attestation, and she thus continued.

"There was in the countess's service a favourite waiting woman, to whom she was much attached, and who was the depository of all her secrets. She and I soon contracted that sort of familiarity, which often subsists between waiting women and pages; but, I believe, her friendship for me amounted to something like love; for she communicated to me many things which I should



" I should have supposed it her interest,  
 " as well as her duty, to have kept to  
 " herself. Among the rest, the informed  
 " me, that ever since the countess had  
 " married the count, and come to live  
 " in that part of the country, an impro-  
 " per intimacy had subsisted between her  
 " and Hubert.

This information renewed the surprise  
 of the hearers; but Rosalind seemed to  
 take no notice of it, and continued her  
 narrative with her eyes fixed on the  
 ground, to escape the necessity of seem-  
 ing to observe the emotions she appre-  
 hended the progress of her story would  
 excite.

" This intimacy was, by one of those  
 " accidents to which such sort of com-  
 " merce is so liable, discovered by Jaques  
 " line, during the short stay she made at  
 " her father's castle after his marriage, and  
 " hence the strong desire felt by her step-  
 " mother to make her profess. She had  
 " before no objection to her marriage;  
 " but now she feared nothing would in-

“sure her taciturnity, on the discovery  
“she had made, but being herself inte-  
“rested as a member in the well-being  
“of the church, and the estimation in  
“which its ministers should be held.  
“Hubert entered into these views; and  
“hence those dreadful events which fol-  
“lowed, of which you, sir knight, and  
“I presume, through you, your old friend  
“here are so well apprized.

“The old count had readily fallen  
“into the views of his wife, who held  
“a most arbitrary sway over him, so  
“far as related to making his daughter  
“a nun; but when he heard of her  
“tragical end, a matter which had been  
“brought about intirely without his  
“knowledge, paternal feeling operated,  
“and he was very much displeased.—  
“He was a weak man, and incapable  
“of keeping his own counsel; and,  
“when the king’s captivity came to be  
“known, and his return expected, dropp-  
“ed a hint that he would cause inquiry  
“to be made into the manner of his  
“daughter’s



"daughter's death; who, he asserted, was  
 "never professed, and had been unjustly  
 "murdered. This hint was not thrown  
 "away on the countess: she acquainted  
 "her waiting-woman with the suspicion  
 "it implied, at which she seemed very  
 "much incensed. The next day she  
 "consulted with Hubert on the busi-  
 "ness, and the day after the old count  
 "was found dead in his bed. He was  
 "speedily buried, and no question made  
 "about the manner of his decease.  
 "The knowledge of these facts did  
 "not make me very well pleased with  
 "my situation; but they were not com-  
 "municated all at once. My mind was  
 "familiarized to one act before another  
 "was imparted, and, in the interval,  
 "I gained the intire friendship of Hu-  
 "bert, and confidence of my lady, so  
 "that nothing was omitted that could  
 "render my life comfortable; and had  
 "I then quitted the place where I was,  
 "I knew not on whom to throw myself  
 "for relief or protection.

K 5

" A few

A few days ago Hubert, who had attached himself very much to the party of Prince John, and who had been laboriously endeavouring to do every thing in his power to supplant an unfortunate monarch in the hearts of his subjects, both by public proclamations, and private malignations, had occasion, in order to mature some of his plans, for a large sum of money, for which he applied to the countess. I happened to overhear, from the anti-chamber, the whole conversation which this demand produced. It was conducted with great asperity on the part of the lady, and the priest was not deficient in acrimony. I heard enough, however, to convince me the old count got his death unfairly. Hubert threatened a publication of the fact, and, with his accustomed hardness in Vil-  
 " lady, denied her to recriminate. The  
 " lady, overcome by his threats, was forced  
 " to promise the required supply, and  
 " he left her in tears, not comforted by  
 " contrition,



"contrition, but from avarice reluctantly  
"subdued.

"Soon after he was gone, I had oc-  
"casion to enter the chamber where  
"the countess was sitting. She called  
"me to her, and after many questions  
"of my fidelity, esteem for her, unwill-  
"ingness to see her injured, or insulted,  
"and many other circuitous preambles,  
"proposed to me to give Hubert, the  
"next time he came to the castle, a  
"poisoned draught.

"I was shocked at this proposal be-  
"yond description; but, fortunately,  
"had presence of mind enough to re-  
"collect the character and disposition of  
"the lady who made it, which left me  
"no doubt that my life depended on  
"my compliance. I therefore assumed,  
"on the occasion, an hypocrisy, a par-  
"donable one I hope, and, in the abject  
"style of lycophant villainy, affected to  
"enter into her wrongs, and to consi-  
"der my life, and soul, valuable only  
"as I could sacrifice them to her peace  
"that

" or pleasure. This artifice succeeded:

" I was dismissed with many encomiums,

" and a handsome present.

" Left to myself, I was in a state of  
the most helpless indecision; I knew

" not what resolution to adopt, and ne-

" ver, in my life, felt so great need of

" an adviser, on whom I could rely.—

" I was determined to quit the place

" where I was; but in what manner to do

" it, or whither to go, I was quite at

" a loss. The letter I had received from

" Launcelot left me in doubt, whether,

" if I went into Normandy, Sir Bertram

" might not be recovered and gone, and

" I left again to wander by myself. I

" had no intelligence of you, sir knight,

" and knew not, except by following

" the route you purposed to pursue, and

" making frequent inquiries, how to ob-

" tain a probability of meeting with

" you:—yet, on the strength of this pro-

" bability alone, I sat out, for my irre-

" solution had kept me inactive some

" days; and I was informed by my lady

" that



" that Hubert was expected back in a  
 " day or two. However, I met with  
 " nobody of whom to enquire, though it  
 " is now three days since I began my  
 " journey; and I really think, that, had  
 " not Providence so kindly directed me to  
 " the spot where you were, I should never  
 " have reached Northumberland; for my  
 " spirits were so sunk when you discovered  
 " me, that, I much fear, a fatal illness  
 " would have been the consequence.

the latter, to think of the kindness of charity  
 of a man, whose life was a scene of such  
 complicated criminality, as Hubert. The  
 earl, a more vigorous practitioner of policy,  
 and whole mind was by nature  
 and consideration, wanted from reason  
 affections and passions, felt no emotions  
 of rage on the occasion, but rather a  
 degree of satisfaction at knowing to  
 whole operations he was to attribute the  
 extermination of his family house; he  
 had now learned to submit to his fate  
 without murmuring, and the change of  
 his lot, which, joined to the unaltered  
 serenity

CHAP.

## C H A P. XVII.

THE earl and the knight heard the progress of this remarkable story with unfeigned astonishment. It was a most severe trial to the newly embraced faith of the latter, to think with kindness or charity of a man, whose life was a scene of such complicated criminality, as Hubert. The earl, a more veteran practitioner of piety, and whose mind was, by misfortune and consideration, weaned from terrene affections and passions, felt no emotions of rage on the occasion, but rather a degree of satisfaction, at knowing to whose operations he was to attribute the extermination of his family hopes: he had now learned to submit to his fate without murmuring, and the charity of his forgiveness, joined to the unaffected serenity



Herenity of his mind, evinced, most forgi-  
 bly, the superiority of true christianity  
 to any of the boasted doctrines of the  
 philosophers:

He inquired of Rosalind whether she  
 had informed Hubert of the danger he  
 was in. She answered, she had left at  
 the monastery a sealed letter for him,  
 which was to be delivered as soon as  
 he came there. "But," said she, "the  
 effect of that is very uncertain: for now  
 he is so much engaged in political in-  
 barigues, as to be continually riding to  
 and from various parts of the kingdom:  
 and he seldom goes to the monastery,  
 save for a very short time, and that in  
 so very private a manner, that nobody  
 but the porter knows of his being there:  
 however, as I left it with him, I hope  
 he will get it in time to avoid the coun-  
 tress's wickedness, in case she determines  
 to prosecute her scheme, though I have  
 great hopes my flight will deter her;  
 for as my accusation, if I were to come  
 forward with it, would not be sufficient

to

to convict her of an intended crime, I hope the escape she will feel she has had will guard her from the commission of an actual one."

They now all retired to the cave, and spent the rest of the day in conversation and debate on the late incidents of the lives of our hero and his amiable mistress, and plans for their future conduct. The result was, that the knight should pursue his intended journey to Rome, and Oswald should attend him; while the earl should go to Montford castle, and accomodate all breaches between the baron and Edmund, and give him any money he might want. He made no doubt, he said, the lady Rosalind would soon be found, and the knight's troubles all at an end.

At bed time a new difficulty arose. Rosalind would not, on any account, sleep in the same room with either of her friends. The reason she assigned was, conscious inferiority; but she maintained the point with so much obstinacy that,



at length, they were obliged to give it up, and the earl and the knight slept in the room of the latter, while Rosalind slept in the only remaining bed-room, which was generally the apartment of the former.

This circumstance made no impression on the mind of Edmund, who was wholly taken up with other thoughts; but it did not escape the earl, who, laying it and others together, soon entertained no doubt of the sex of the pretended Oswald; and following the train of ideas that discovery introduced, soon began to suspect who she was.

Resolved to be satisfied in this particular, he, next morning, persuaded our hero to ride out a little on horseback; while he remained at home with Rosalind. When alone with her, he asked, in a careless manner, as if by accident, how long she had known the Knight of the White Rose.

The lady, not suspecting the drift of the question, answered, by relating the manner

manner of her meeting with him in Normandy, and attending him to England, while Launcelot remained with the wounded knight.

"You seem much attached to him, from so short an acquaintance," said the earl; "if you have not known him, I think, above a month."

"True," answered Rosalind; "but his misfortunes, his gallantry, his constancy, and generosity, and numberless other good qualities, attach one to him on a short acquaintance, more than long intimacy, and experienced kindness, would to a man less endowed."

"His misfortunes?" said the earl, gravely: "are you acquainted, Oswald, with his history?"

"Not perfectly," answered she, somewhat confused; "but I have heard part from him, and a little now and then from Launcelot; but there is no mistaking his character. You, sir, seem more attached to him than I am, on a shorter acquaintance."

The



The earl smiled at this attempt to evade the subject, by shifting the admiration, but determined to pursue his enquiry.

"Pray," said he, "in what situation, in life were you before you joined the knight; what were you doing in Normandy?"

"I went over there," said Rosalind, surprized at this unexpected demand, "with a lady, as her page; but she dying, I was left there by myself, and entered into the service of the knight, because I wished to return to England, to find my parents, and give them part of the money I have earned in service."

"If that is the case," said the earl, drily, "I wonder you should be so willing to attend my friend to Rome: but," continued he, seeing his hearer much confused at this observation, "I suppose you promise yourself great pleasure in travelling; and I commend your mode of thinking: you are a clever youth; and you say you can  
"write;

"write: pray how is that? boys in your  
 "station do not, in general, possess that  
 "accomplishment."

"I was taught," answered Rosalind,  
 almost at the end of her invention, "by  
 "an uncle of mine, a priest, who was  
 "very fond of me, and spent his leisure  
 "in improving me. But why, my good  
 "sir, do you ask me so many questions?  
 "Am I so unfortunate as to have im-  
 "curred your displeasure; or is there any  
 "part of my conduct leads you to sus-  
 "pect my veracity or honesty?"

"None at all, none at all, good youth,"  
 said the earl, touched by the manner in  
 which these words were uttered; "I only  
 "asked to pass away time. Pray, where  
 "were you born?"

"In Northumberland, sir," answered  
 Rosalind, thoughtlessly.

This answer left the earl no doubt of  
 the truth of all his conjectures. "Were  
 "you ever at Montford Castle?" said  
 he.

"I have



"I have been there," said the lady, beginning to perceive her error, yet not knowing how to retract the words.

"Did you ever see Rosalind de Montford?"

"Once or twice," replied she, more and more agitated.

"Tell me, then," said the earl, "if this picture is like her;" and, going to a little cabinet, he brought out a small mirror, and held it before her face.

The poor lady now plainly saw that, some how or other, the old man had penetrated the mystery of her disguise; and the manner he took to convince her of it, by the exhibition of her own person, so much unlike her proper self, made her believe he disapproved of her conduct; and, as she knew the influence he had over the mind of Edmund, she dreaded the effect this communication might have on him to her disadvantage.

These ideas distressed her to such a degree, that she would most probably have fainted, had not the earl began a consolatory

solatory

solitary speech, in which he expressed his approbation of her conduct, as far as he could apply it to motives he knew of; but begged to be informed of all her adventures, and, to take away every fear from her mind, told her who he was, and his reasons for residing where he did.

Thus encouraged, the lady related all that had befallen her; and had the satisfaction to hear the earl express his unlimited approbation of all her proceedings. He complimented her upon her firmness, and the great propriety she had on every occasion preserved; and augured the most successful issue to her passion, from the providential meetings she had so often had with her lover, which, he argued, could not have happened by chance, or without some beneficial reason. He congratulated her on his conversion, of the sincerity of which he entertained no doubt; nor, in fact, did she; but he advised her not to accompany him to Rome, as it would retard his journey, and expose her to unnecessary difficulties,  
and



and probabilities of detection. He promised to make the knight excuse her in this particular; and, when he should be gone, to provide her an asylum, till he should have reconciled her father to her; and in the mean time promised not to divulge what he knew concerning her.

Rosalind was now perfectly reconciled to the discovery which had taken place: though the progress of it had been bitter and unpleasant, the result was delightful; as in the earl she found what she so much wanted, a frank and capable adviser, whose counsel she could follow without hesitation or suspicion; and she flattered herself with the full accomplishment of all her wishes, by the influence of his wife and amiable efforts.

While they were engaged in these conversations, two rustics, of the neighbourhood, knocked at the door of the cell for admittance. They supported, between them, an ecclesiastic, in great apparent agony:—they stated they had found

found him in the wood, writhing with pain under a tree; that he had implored their charitable aid, and they had thought the greatest kindness they could render him, would be to bring him to that place. The earl's humanity would not permit him to refuse any assistance he could render to a person under such circumstances. He determined, though already embarrassed by too much company, to receive him in his confined habitation, and was making arrangements for that purpose, when Rosalind approached, and, with a loud shriek, announced her recognition of father Hubert.

He had returned to the monastery the very day Rosalind left the countess's service, and had received the letter she had left; but the porter informing him, at the time he delivered it, that it had been left for him by the Countess de la Maine's page, he thrust it carelessly into his pocket unopened, saying he was engaged in matters of greater importance.



port, and could not attend to her messages.

She had enquired for her page in the morning, and hearing he was absconded, readily conjectured the reason; and fancying he would make a discovery of her project, determined, if Hubert put himself again into her power, to trust to no other hand, but perpetrate her intention herself, and cursed her timidity, which had so far disabled her resolution and better judgment, as to make her trust such a matter to a silly boy. If Hubert, on his first visit, discovered any fear or suspicion of her, she resolved to anticipate the event of a second, by going immediately abroad; for which purpose she had packed up her jewels and money, and made all necessary arrangements; and if he fell into the snare, she thought a very short time, and a few seasonable donations, would prevent all inquiry.

Little did she imagine, that the very fate she prepared for him, was, by a

counterplot, of which she could have no possible notion, impending over her own head.

Hubert had left her on the day of their altercation, gloomy and dissatisfied. Her opposition to his will embarrassed and displeased him; and though he had succeeded in obtaining a promise of the supply he demanded, that was far from satisfying him, as he only made that demand by way of trial; and had formed a design to subject her estate, the ready money part of it particularly, which was very large, and then most needful, entirely to his own disposal. Her steady opposition, on this subject, had mortified and disconcerted him; while some of her unguarded expressions had given him just cause of alarm; for though he plainly saw, if she was silly enough to enter into a contest with him, she must be vanquished and dishonoured; yet it was also obvious that it was, on his part, very desirable to avoid

a war, and to prepare for him a con-



a contest, from which little advantage could, and much disgrace might, result.

The countess had made a will, before her late disagreement with Hubert, by which she bequeathed all her wealth to the church, in such a manner as he should dispose and direct. The advantages this would give him were now more than ever necessary; for he had, during his late absence from the monastery, heard that the king's return was daily expected; and he conceived the judicious disposal of part of this money, with the influence his own reputation for sanctity and acquired connections gave him, would form an effectual shelter against any storm his indirect interference might raise against him.

When the wish to possess became excited, the means were speedily resolved. In a mind hardened by successful practice, in a course of iniquity, no scruple intruded itself to prevent the adoption of the most nefarious ones; he resolved to poison the countess; and, to prevent

all suspicion, gave the answer he did to the porter, and introduced himself into the castle by a private way, known and open to himself alone.

He entered carelessly into the apartment where she was sitting, eating a conserve, of which he held a box in his left hand. After the ordinary salutations, he asked her to eat some of the sweetmeats, which she chearfully did, foreseeing it would pave the way to her offering some wine; in which she determined to infuse the fatal venom. The very preparatory, she so eagerly caught at, was her bane. The conserves in the box were poisoned; those the artful friar held in his hand were not so, and had carefully been kept from touching the others; and he ate them only to avoid particular appearances.

The lady, overjoyed at the prospect of success, ate them up with an avidity, in which the friar encouraged her, and immediately complaining of thirst, went to a cupboard, and filling two goblets with  
wine,



wine, presented one to him, which he drank off without hesitation, and, satisfied with the event of his attempt, went away without mentioning a cause for his visit, or making a single inquiry on any subject whatever; circumstances, which the countess was too much engrossed by her own agreeable reflections to pay any attention to.

Each, from an excessive solicitude to avoid suspicion, had given a poison which would not operate for some days. The friar resolved to employ that interval in going into Yorkshire, where he had some business, and for which place he set out immediately, and without its being known that he had visited the countess. She, mean time, made an extraordinary bustle among her tenants, debtors, and friends, to raise a sum of money for the use, as she openly declared, of her dear friend, and ghostly comforter, father Hubert. The fourth day after his departure, the father, willing to waste as much time

as he could before his return, and having finished his business, struck out of the road into the forest, through which he knew his way home, and resolved to pursue it at leisure; he had rode some miles, when, happening to put his hand into his pocket, he drew out the letter the porter of the monastery had given him, and for want of something else to do, opened and read it.

Language is inadequate, nor would the best wrought similes afford sufficient assistance, to describe the surprize, horror, and regret, which seized him on the perusal of this paper, in which his projected murder was so far described, that he could not help feeling he had fallen a victim to the treachery of another, in the very moment he was rejoicing in the success of his own. He spurred his horse into his best pace, in order, if possible, to regain the monastery, where he had some sovereign antidotes; but the violence of this exercise accelerated the effects



effects of the venom. He felt parched with fever; a cruel pain seized his bowels; his eyes seemed burning in their sockets; and his sight and powers at length failed him, so that he was obliged to dismount, and lay down at the foot of a tree, where the clowns found him, and brought him to the retreat of the earl.

During his time, and in the course of a had overtake two pilgrims, who came to him with great devotion, he was attended by, on a contemplation of their labours, to discover Gerdin and Sampson. As he was not yet able to wear armour, they had no difficulty in recognising him: they placed him with a shout of transport, and he dismounted, and embraced them both, with a warmth of gratitude and affection, which excluded every idea of distance or ceremony. The pilgrims, on their side, of their being there, and his need.

CHAP. 4

They

## CHAP. XVIII.

OUR hero, while these things were transacting at the cave, had been pursuing his ride, and in the course of it had overtaken two pilgrims, who eyeing him with great attention, he was astonished, on a contemplation of their features, to discover Gerbin and Sampson. As he was not yet able to wear armor, they had no difficulty in recognizing him: they saluted him with a shout of transport, and he dismounted, and embraced them both, with a warmth of gratitude and affection, which excluded every idea of distance or ceremony.—Inquiries of the cause of their being there, and his missing of them in the Alps, naturally ensued, and Gerbin, acting as spokesman, gave the account, to this effect.

They



They had waited after his last visit, which was in the course of his travels with Walter Fitzowen, some months in expectation of hearing from him, in which being disappointed, they had alternately visited most parts of France, and Normandy, in search of him; still leaving one at their accustomed retreat, in case he should happen to come there, and neither making a longer excursion than was absolutely necessary.

At length one of them, being in Normandy, accidentally heard from a priest of his excommunication, and the reward set on his head. He returned immediately to his companion, and after a long amicable contest which of them should stay behind, they came to a resolution to assume the disguise they then wore, and set out both in search of their master.

Under pretence of penance and pilgrimage, they travelled on foot, from Dover, where they landed, to Canterbury, and from thence to London, mixing as much as possible with ecclesiastics,

to hear if Edmund was yet taken. In London they first heard the account at large, of the crimes, and punishment, of our hero's friend and his wife; and taking that for a clue, set out on foot, and went to York; from thence they travelled, by various roads, and in various directions, till they heard of the hue and cry which had been raised after him in Northumberland, where they went; but losing all tidings of him there, they concluded he had gone to Scotland, and proceeded without delay to Edinburgh, where their most diligent enquiries were of no avail.

Fatigued, dispirited, and in despair, they returned to Northumberland, where the people, who were full of the story, told them, the object of their search was the captain of the banditti, in a neighbouring wood:—they mentioned the posse Beauchamp had raised to apprehend him, and made no scruple to rejoice in his escape, though they entertained no doubt of his being with the gang: this account reanimated the hopes of the travellers; they



they repaired to the wood, and, inquiring for the captain of the outlaws, were introduced to Edmund's successor: they were not satisfied with this, but thinking it a finesse, which his circumstances rendered necessary, asked for the Knight of the White Rose, with so many pressing instances, and so many incontrovertible proofs, of their being well acquainted with and friendly to him, that the captain, at length, told them all that had befallen him, as far as fell within his knowledge; and added, that he and squire Launcelot had gone to the continent, but to what part of it they knew not; and expressing his hearty good-will to his predecessor, gave them a handsome present to defray their expences.

It struck them that he very probably might have retreated to the Alps, and there they determined to follow him, and, if they did not find him, to stay the winter there, and renew their search in the spring; but, at a village near the sea-coast, poor Sampson was taken

dangerously ill, and there being no person, in or near the place, who understood the least of medicine, the skill of Gerbin was all he had to depend on; who on his part, though grieved at the delay of their project this circumstance occasioned, could not think of abandoning, in such a situation, his old friend, and, for many years, only companion, whose life absolutely depended on his kindness.

In January Sampson recovered sufficiently to travel. They immediately crossed the sea, and sought the Alps, which they reached just after their master had left the place of his winter retreat.— Though both were much disheartened at the perverseness of the past events, they were rejoiced at finding the letter he had left, as it assured them of his health and safety, and pointed out a route, by which they might pursue him with probability of success.

They staid at home no longer than was absolutely necessary for Sampson's complete



complete recovery, which a few days effected; and then Gerbin, having wrote and left sealed a letter, expressive of the track they intended to pursue and the time they meant to return, they set out for Normandy.

By conversations with priests they had learned the story of the lover of the lady Cynthia, of whose relation to the mistress of our hero they had been apprized in Northumberland; and guided by that had found the place where Bertram lay wounded, where they had arrived a very short time after Edmund's departure with his mistress, under the name of Oswald.

The information they got here was very grateful to them, as it was clear, positive, and certain, and left them no longer in doubt of the route their master was to pursue, and the ultimate limitation of his journey. They were, however, compelled to stay here some time.

The unfortunate Bertram was then at the worst stage of his complaint, and

as

as Gerbin's skill excelled that of the surgeon who attended him, and he could have the advantage of being constantly with him, he resolved, knowing how agreeable the event would be to our hero, to remain with him till he was out of danger.

This crisis was much accelerated by Gerbin's skill and care, and Bertram, when he had no relapse to fear, would not delay their journey, but giving them letters to his father, introducing them properly, announcing the benefit he had received, and relating several other events, permitted them to depart.

They took ship again, and, landing at Dover, were obliged, to keep clear of the suspicion of being spies, of whom there were then great numbers in the kingdom, to visit the shrine of St. Thomas, and all other tombs, relics, and crosses, in their way, which had much retarded their journey; but they had at length proceeded thus far, when fortune abridged their labour, by their happy and unexpected



pected meeting with the person they sought.

Our adventurer could not help being much affected by this simple detail, which convinced him, by irrefragible proof, of the sincere affection of these two faithful adherents; who, in the decline of life, had thrown themselves into imminent danger, and travelled so many hundred miles on foot, merely on the speculative probability of being able to render him a service. He made them go with him to the cave, which they reached just after the bustle, occasioned by Hubert's introduction, had somewhat subsided.

Though they were then too full of business to pay undisturbed attention to recitals, the earl, and our hero, briefly related to each other the events of the morning; the former omitting only what he had promised not to reveal. Each was struck with admiration at the account given by the other; but Edmund felt his veneration for his old friend increased.

creased beyond measure, when he contemplated him in the act of receiving and cherishing, at the expence of great trouble and inconvenience to himself, a man who had done him such irreparable injury. Every asperity in his own temper became softened; every sentiment tending to anger, or unwarrantable exultation, suppressed. Such is the force of example, maintained by virtuous consistency.

Gerbin and Sampson, who knew not the earl till he had told them who he was, and they had gleaned from conversation the events of his life, with which they were before unacquainted, looked on him as a being of superior order. Rosalind was abashed and dejected; for, as her sex was discovered, she could not bear to meet the eyes of the knight, though she had the most implicit confidence in the earl's promise. Modesty made her suffer all the agonies of a detection, she had no reason to suppose would ever take place.

Hubert,

Hubert,



Hubert, when he was brought to the abode of the earl, was in a state of insensibility. The violence of his agitations had exhausted him; but as soon as Gerbin was informed of his situation, and of the suspicions of Rosalind, he prepared a decoction of simples, which, he said, would, if the poison were not very strong, or had not long been taken, operate as an antidote; but would, at all events, restore his reason and quiet. This was administered, and soon produced a return of sense in the priest: he opened his eyes, and staring wildly at Gerbin, exclaimed, with a shriek of agony—

“ I am not dead. Why art thou come  
“ to torment me before my time? I know  
“ thee well; thou art the usher of the  
“ unfortunate and injured Baronesa Ma-  
“ travers.—Torment me not.—I did not  
“ kill her!”

Gerbin was astonished to find himself thus recognized. He could not speak for some moments; but, at length, he  
told

told Hubert he was mistaken, and had never seen him before; that he was a pilgrim, endeavouring to do him all the services that lay in his power.

"Forgive me, holy man, forgive me, and pray for me," said Hubert. Then drawing a deep sigh, "I too," added he, "can pray for others, but dare not say a word for myself. Wretch that I am; I have thrown away the jewel Hope, and the mercy of Heaven seems too circumscribed to admit a soul so stained with sin." Here a tear or two rolled down his glowing cheek, and seemed to relieve him. He recollected himself, and, in a composed tone of voice, said—

"I know not where I am.—My ideas wander.—I have reason to suppose I am poisoned. Is there any person here will go, for me, to the monastery, of which I am prior?"

Gerbin answered, "There is."

"Will he be faithful?" asked Hubert.

"I will



"I will answer for him with my life.

"He is a brother pilgrim of mine," said Gerbin.

"Give him these keys," said the priest. And then describing, very minutely, every place, directed him to a particular cabinet in his cell, where he would find, in a vial, the antidote on which he depended; and to a place where he would find a small iron box, both of which he requested him to bring with him, without delay, as his life depended on it.

When Sampson came in to receive these orders, Hubert's paroxysm was renewed. "Oh pardon! pardon!" cried he, in a terrific voice, "Thou knowest my guilt. By my instigation the hapless Longueville was slain, though his blood was shed by thy hand."

Gerbin had now more difficulty than before to pacify him. He regained his senses, but was plunged in a profound melancholy. He said he was sure, from the suggestions of his imagination, which had

had twice deceived him; his end was come. He begged Sampson to take his horse, and make all possible expedition; and bring with him a certain priest, whom he named; and whose consolation and assistance he much needed.

When Sampson was gone, Rosalind entered the room. Her presence calmed and relieved him more than any other thing could have done. He called her to his bed side, and entreated her to sit, and stay with him while Gerbin left the room.

"My worthy friend, Oswald," said he, "had I but been so fortunate to read your letter as soon as I received it, what misery should I have escaped. Your good-will is the same, and shall not go unrewarded." He proceeded to inform her of his transactions on his return to the countess; not hesitating to mention his having poisoned her, or his motives for it.

Perceiving her struck with horror at this uncalled for recital.—"Alas! alas!" exclaimed



exclaimed he, "there was a time when  
"I too should have started at such a  
"tale; but such has been the tenor of  
"my past life, that, amongst all its  
"crimes, I am obliged to select the  
"death of this wicked woman, as an  
"instance of comparative innocence; nay  
"merit."

His delirium now returned, and Rosalind was obliged to call in Gerbin, who restored him to a state of quiet, by a further dose of the decoction; but this was not easily effected, and he entertained no hopes of his recovery, unless the antidote, Sampson was gone for, contained virtues of which he had no conception or belief.

Hubert, when he came to himself again, desired every one to leave the room except Rosalind; he implored her to watch with him that night, and he would reward her most amply. He said he could bear the sight of the features of no other persons, as they all inspired him with gloomy recollections. He urged  
this

this point so earnestly, that the lady, though not fond of the employment, was obliged to submit.

The bed the miserable priest occupied was that where Rosalind had lain the night before. The earl and our hero sat up till a late hour, commenting on the wonders of the day; and at length retired to their respective beds; while Gerbin resolved to sit up all night, to render every assistance in his power to his patient—the cause of all their unhappiness, yet, by an unexpected stroke of retributive justice, more wretched than any thing but similar guilt could render any of them.

CHAP.



## CHAPTER XIX.

**SAMPSON**, contrary to all expectation, returned about noon the next day. He knew how much benefit was to be derived from turning Hubert's acrimony to friendship, and had spared no labour to render him a service, which he sincerely hoped might be effectual. He had rode all night, and only stopped at the monastery for a slight refecton.—Hubert's horse was known at the first inn he came to, and they readily lent another, informing him the shortest way to the next inn, where he was similarly accommodated, and thus enabled him to make such extraordinary speed. He brought with him the strong box and medicine, for which he had been dispatched.

Rosalind

Rosalind, whose good nature in this particular, got the better of her inclination, had watched all night, and till Sampson's return, by Hubert's bed side, a witness to the horrors of Demorse, the agonies of despair, the tears of contrition, and the shrieks of woe. She was rejoiced that hopes appeared of restoring the miserable man to health; and, as he had luckily an interval of reason, proposed to administer the antidote immediately:—she seemed to place much confidence in the good effect of it, and he swallowed it with the utmost avidity.

He inquired after the priest, and Sampson informed him he would be with him in the course of the day, but, as he wished to travel with the utmost expedition, he could not wait for him.

Hubert thanked him for his attention, and said he felt much more composed, and would endeavour to sleep, which he did for some hours, and Rosalind fancied he would recover: she never quit-

ted



ted him, nor spared any pains to aid his restoration.

When he awoke, however, she found her mistake. The little strength he had gained by this refreshment heightened his fever, and he raged with more violence than before. Rosalind was obliged to call for assistance, as he threatened the most dreadful vengeance on himself, and every one around him. These fits of delirium supplied him with such amazing strength, that the united efforts of Gerbin, Sampson, and the earl, for our hero would not appear before him, could hardly keep him in bed.

"Ah!" he would exclaim, "look how fiercely the faggots blaze around him! see how the flesh scorches in the flames! so will mine some day! so will mine. Oh! conscience, conscience; how it tears a man! look how tranquil he appears: he looks forward to a day of retribution. The earl too; what does he do here; the sight of him breaks my heart strings."

In vain Rosalind answered him he was not in the room. "Do you imagine I am blind," said he; "he stands by the curtains of my bed; he comes to ask news of his son, I suppose; but why does he come to me. Ah! that's a serious question. Look at the blooming bride; she is watching the flames, but has no tongue to express her grief. She may thank Hubert for that. Now she is expiring—see, in what agony she dies. But her conscience is pure." Every one present was much shocked at this miserable scene, which they prayed might soon be terminated. A ray of returning reason now transiently illumined the mind of Hubert. Being aware that he was frequently bereft of his senses, he was extremely anxious to know what he had uttered in his delirium. This no person chose to tell him, but formed some trifling subject from their own inventions.

The priest now arrived, and was ushered into the sick man's apartment, and left

with



with him. He was a man of real piety, and much shocked to hear Hubert, whom he, in common with the rest of the world, had looked on as saint, in the course of a long confession, disclose enormities of which he thought human nature incapable, and own his despair of mercy extending to such unexampled criminality.

He argued against this despair, as in itself a grievous crime, and laboured to convince him that a sincere repentance, late as it was, would not be ineffectual; that the best evidence of its sincerity, would be to permit him to reduce the heads of his confession to writing, and sign it in his presence, to be hereafter disclosed for the benefit of those who were yet capable of deriving advantage from it. To this the priest reluctantly consented, but with an express reservation, that it should not be published till after his death, but returned to him if he survived his present illness. These stipulations father Jerôme acceded to; for, considering how much good might

result from a compliance with his requisition, he thought it justifiable to temporize a little to obtain it.

When it was finished, and signed by Hubert, father Jerome continued his consolatory efforts, and offered to administer to him the holy communion, which he consented to receive, or any thing else which might be an atonement for past offences. The two pilgrims received it with him; and after having conversed some time alone with his confessor, he appeared more easy, and took some refreshment from the hands of the gentle Rosalind.

But this transient calm was only the fore-runner of a more violent storm.—His frenzy returned; and, before proper help could be procured, he had jumped out of bed, and bruised himself dreadfully against the walls of the room—“To drive away,” as he said, “the foul fiend which haunted him.

“Look! look!” cried he, “at the  
“baroness weltering in her blood; and  
“the



“ the imps of darkness will not let me  
“ go to her relief. See how they chain  
“ me down. What a world it is! But  
“ what will the next be?—Who knows?  
“ Who knows?—it may be better,—ah,  
“ no! not to Hubert.—Murder, bar-  
“ barous murder, cannot go unpunished.”  
In this manner he continued to rave;  
at different periods, still the growl more  
weak, and life seemed to ebb away.  
His recollection was better, but his feel-  
ings of mind were more shocking than  
before (witnessed). He would not  
be a moment alone, and at night could  
not rest without three or four people  
about him. The smallest noise terrified  
him, and he would cry out—“ What is  
“ that? Surely I saw a lady withdraw my  
“ curtains.—No, it could not be her; she is  
“ dead long since.” Then he would  
sigh deeply. He slept but little in the  
night; if he did for a few minutes, he  
would start, and wake in the greatest  
agonies, and relate the most hideous,  
M 13. most terrible and  
hellish.

and unconnected dreams of being in hell, and the tortures he endured there.

The return of morning presented a certainty he could not long survive.—His tongue and lips were parched and dry, spite of his frequent recourse to decoctions of Gerbin's preparing. The

surface of his skin exhibited a leprous appearance, and his eyes wild, glowing, and deep sunk in his head, glared dismally on all around. He requested father Jerome to pray by him, and solicited all in the room to join. "Let

"your prayers be fervent," said he; "I am feeble, and weighed down by sin, and cannot intreat for pardon as I ought."

The efficacy of prayer rendered him more serene, and he addressed his attendants in these words:

"You see, my friends, the tortures I have suffered, and continue to suffer, It may seem to you singular, and a mark of cruelty in the Almighty to inflict them. It is not the particular  
"visitation



"visitation of heaven, but originates in  
"a bad conscience. I have been a most  
"wicked wretch; and the dread I feel  
"at appearing before a just tribunal,  
"fills me with the horrors you have  
"witnessed. Let it be a warning to  
"you, to lead such lives that you may  
"meet your end with composure.—  
"Mine is fast approaching, and I view  
"it with the utmost perturbation."

At this moment the door opened; and  
Hubert was so agitated by this trivial  
interruption, that he lost all recollection  
of what he was saying. He complained  
of being parched with thirst. "The fire"  
said he, "is already consuming my en-  
"trails; and, not satisfied with this, the  
"wretches, who inhabit the lower re-  
"gion are tearing them to pieces."—

His pains now became most excruciat-  
ing, and his delirium returned: "Look!"  
said he, "the room is in flames, and  
"the imps of hell are dragging me in-  
"to it. Hold me! hold me! I will not  
"go."—He caught hold of the bed-

cloaths, as if to save himself, and, giving a dreadful shriek, expired in the greatest misery.

Father Jerome was disconcerted at the suddenness of the event, as it prevented his giving him the extreme unction, a ceremony of which he regretted the omission, and resolved to pray awhile by the body of the deceased. The earl, the knight, Gerbin, and Sampson, walked out to vent their reflections on the extraordinary events they had witnessed, leaving the amiable Rosalind on one of the beds, soliciting that repose, which two night's fatiguing attendance rendered so necessary.

CHAP.



CHAP. XX.

WHILE the earl and his companions were at a small distance from the cave, discoursing on the horribly impressive scene they had been spectators of, they were joined by father Jerome; who, having finished his prayer, with a solemn pace, and overwhelmed with gloomy contemplations, had walked forth to unbend his mind a little, and reflect on the line of conduct it would be best for him to pursue, as the important disclosure made to him by the deceased rendered his election rather difficult.

The conversation naturally turned on the subject which occupied so great a share in the thought of all the parties, and Jerome was glad of an opportunity of asking the advice of the earl, and

two pilgrims, for so they seemed to him, of whose wisdom, and benevolence, he entertained an exalted opinion.

“If I could discover,” said he, “where the earl Fitzowen, and the Knight of the White Rose, secrete themselves, the confession of the unhappy man, who is just dead, would render them a very essential service.”

“What service could you render them?” asked the earl eagerly.

“That I am not at liberty to tell,” answered the priest, “till they shall be found: if alive, I shall spare no pains in the task, as I hope the benefit which will result to them, from his confession, will abridge the term of his suffering in purgatory.”

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a loud shrill whistle, thrice repeated. The priest exhibited symptoms of terror, supposing it to be the banditti; the knight stood on his guard, and the pilgrims, who were unarmed, knew not what to do; but the earl put an end to all



all their emotions, by saying, "I hope good news; this is the signal my squire makes, to know if he is at liberty to approach my dwelling."

Then turning to Jerome, and presenting the knight, "This," said he, "is the Knight of the White Rose: I am the earl Fitzowen," and, without giving him time to offer a reply, or digest the surprize this discovery occasioned, he drew a whistle from under his girdle, with which he returned the squire's signal, who in a moment stood before them.

Being given to understand by the earl that there was no need of any reserve, he informed the company that the king was returned; that his valour, misfortunes, unmerited disgrace, and sufferings, had so endeared him to his subjects, that he reigned in their hearts more absolutely than any preceding monarch had ever done; the unhappy events of his life appeared to have checked the impetuosity of his temper, and, as far as judgement could

M 6

be formed, every thing seemed to indicate that his reign would be just, and prosperous. He added, that in order to wipe away the disgrace of his captivity, he intended to be crowned anew, and that preparations were making for that purpose, at which all the military tenants of the crown were to appear in their greatest splendor.

"This is a most fortunate circumstance," said Jerome, "for your lordship and the knight, for the confession that Hubert has signed, will infallibly induce the king to restore your estates and honors; and as the Countess de la Maine died of the poison she took, and has left no heirs, her estates of course devolve to the crown, so that his majesty will have no cause on the whole to regret the intelligence we bring him, and he will undoubtedly be pleased, that the resumption of his suspended authority should be rendered auspicious by so distinguished an act of justice, and one which acquires him the love of so accomplished a subject."

At



At the close of this speech Jerome bowed to our hero and the Squire; whose attention had hitherto been otherwise engaged, now looking earnestly at him, recognized him, and falling at his feet, the recollection of the unfortunate end of his young lord so affected him, that he burst into tears.

It was now resolved, by all present, that they should go to court with all possible speed; and Edmund declaring he felt himself quite strong enough to travel, they agreed to set forward that very day.

When they returned to the cave they found Rosalind just risen from her repose: she was astonished at the accumulated wonders which crowded on the party, and internally adored that providence, which by so easy means accomplished such surprizing events. Father Jerome gave her a leathern bag, containing some jewels, and a large sum of money, which he said Hubert had left as a memorial of

his gratitude for her kindness and attention to him. She selected one of the most inconsiderable diamonds, which, she said, she would wear in memory of the unhappy catastrophe of the donor, and as a perpetual monitor, to avoid such acts as he had been guilty of:—the rest she returned to Jerome, desiring they might be disposed of in purchasing the prayers of the church for the soul of the deceased.

Every one but the earl was surprized at this extraordinary liberality: in his mind it increased the esteem he already entertained for the amiable lady. He now took her apart, and, informing her of the plan they had resolved on, advised her to return with all speed to Montford Castle, where the knight would very soon come, and demand her in marriage, which, he said, he would, if there was any opposition on his part, take care to render agreeable to the baron, and even to interest the king in the event.

She



She resolved to go to her father disguised as she was, and, by way of introduction, got from Gerbin the letters he had brought from her brother. These were very readily given, as the old man knew not how else to convey them, and could not resolve to forego the pleasure of attending his dear young master to court.

Rosalind was obliged to set out on foot, as there were not horses enough for the rest of the party; but they soon reached an inn, where they were accommodated, and proceeding to the convent, informed the monks of the death of Hubert, and where they had left his body, for the removal of which immediate orders were given.

They pursued their journey without intermission, and in a few days reached London, where they found every body preparing for the approaching coronation. Jerome had soon an audience of the king, in which he made the best use of the knowledge he had gained from Hubert's confession.

confession. He discovered to the king, that many persons, who seemed most ardent in their joy of his return, had been most solicitous, in his absence, to prevent it:— he learnt such secrets as enabled him to unravel the mysterious hypocrisy of his concealed enemies, and to frustrate the designs of his open ones.

These important discoveries alone would have reconciled the king to the restitution he saw himself obliged to make our hero of his patrimony, but even that small ablay of his satisfaction was counterbalanced by the acquisition of the Countess de la Maine's estate, which was very valuable, and would, beside, enable him to give influence to a loyal tenant, in a part of the kingdom where the insinuations of Hubert had rendered a great many of his subjects disloyal and disaffected.

He immediately ordered the earl, our hero, and the two pilgrims, into his presence; he soon recognized the former, and promised him his support and countenance.



tenance. He was struck with the martial port and stately demeanor of the knight, and as arms were the delight, as well as glory, of his life, he was overjoyed at the acquisition of a noble of such warlike promise. The earl produced Henry's grant to our hero, which the king, seeing how near the death of his father it was dated, could not peruse without a tear. Gerbin and Sampson ascertained his identity to the time of his leaving the Alps, and the earl corroborated their testimony. The king readily acknowledged the facts, and received the homage of Edmund for all estates which had been his father's. He expressed a desire to see him often at court, and promised to promote him according to his merit, and to recommend father Jerome as prior of the monastery which had been Hubert's, and which, through the king's interest, he afterwards obtained. These preliminaries adjusted, Edmund, accompanied by the earl and his two faithful

faithful adherents, went down to take possession of his estate. The king, fearful of involving himself in a quarrel with the clergy, had forbid them to publish Hubert's iniquity, but commanded our hero to take his estate by virtue of Henry's grant, and his confirmation of it; which he accordingly did; and, having received the homage of all his tenants, entertained them with liberality and magnificence. Their congratulations were unbounded; and some of the oldest of them, who recollected our hero's father and mother, hailed his restoration to his rights with tears of joy.

Edmund's happiness now wanted nothing of being complete, but that he should be blest with the hand of his lovely mistress, whom prosperity had no charms to make him forget, and without whom felicity was nothing but listlessness and quietism. He knew nothing of her having attended him in disguise, and regretted the length of time which had, elapsed since he saw or heard of her. He determined



determined to set out himself in search of her, and to have her proclaimed throughout England and Normandy.

From this design, however, he was, for the present, dissuaded by the earl, who promised to go immediately to her father's, and, if possible, obtain his consent to their union, and his assistance towards her discovery.

The earl, we find, that he should be discovered before the thought proper to disclose herself, but seeing one or two of the domestics, and her own faithful attendant, pass by without knowing her, she retired to her room, and was immediately

CHAP.

The whole substance of this story, which was to be told, since the earl could not come, was to be told, since the earl could not come.

## CHAP. XXI.

THE amiable heroine of this work, winged by duty, and impatient, once more, to see herself securely sheltered in the place of her birth from those unpleasant storms which had, since her departure, so often invaded her, travelled with uncommon celerity, and soon reached the place of her destination.

She feared, at first, that she should be discovered before she thought proper to disclose herself; but seeing one or two of the domestics, and her own faithful damsel, pass by without knowing her, she resumed courage, and was introduced to the baron.

The whole appearance of this unfortunate noble was so altered, since she left the castle, that she could not contemplate



template him without tears. His countenance, which was used to be animated even to fierceness, was now sunk, and exhibited symptoms of despondency alone. His haughty, awe-inspiring gait, was reduced to a slow irregular step; and his eye, which used to flash pride, and conscious dignity, now appeared; to wander through vacancy, in search of consolation.

When Rosalind said, she had been requested by pilgrims to deliver to him a letter, which she understood came from his son in Normandy, an universal tremor seized him; and she was astonished to hear him, who in his better days hardly ever deigned to hold converse with an inferior, address her, a supposed page, with the utmost condescension.

“ Youth,” said he, “ be not surprized to see me thus moved at receipt of this letter; it announces, perhaps, the destruction of my only hope. It is now but little more than half a year since I returned from the Holy Land, clad  
“ with

“ with success, rich in glory, surrounded  
“ by powerful friends, and fondly hoping  
“ for every thing which could be de-  
“ rived from all those advantages. I en-  
“ tered this castle, leaning on the arm  
“ of a darling, and meritorious, son;  
“ nobles of the first consequence were  
“ in my train, and my return, was hailed  
“ by the dutiful congratulations of a  
“ lovely daughter, and, apparently, ami-  
“ able niece. Happiness seemed my own.  
“ Now behold the reverse:—my guests  
“ are gone;—my daughter expelled this  
“ castle, by my own barbarity;—my  
“ niece, dishonored, and a wanderer;—  
“ my son, in an unknighly manner  
“ murdered;—and myself daily expect-  
“ ing, from the triumphant aggressor,—  
“ insult and persecution; without friends,  
“ fortune, youth, or strength, to form  
“ the slightest barrier against him. Yet  
“ I cannot accuse myself of doing de-  
“ liberate wrong: all I sought, was the  
“ aggrandizement of those whose mi-  
“ sery I have produced, by an advanta-  
“ geous



“ geous alliance. Blind fool, that I was I  
“ to look on the possession, when I should  
“ have considered the man. Hence all  
“ my misery.—Oh! my children! my  
“ children.”

The baron's agitation now became too strong to be suppressed. He sobbed aloud, and held the unopened letter in his trembling hand, fearing to peruse its contents. Rosalind, though much affected at this scene, was obliged to suppress her emotions, on account of her disguise. She availed herself of her father's silence and irresolution to throw in a few words of comfort.

“ Be not afraid, noble sir,” said she,  
“ to look into your son's letter. I can  
“ be bold to say it announces his near  
“ recovery and return; for the pilgrim,  
“ of whom I received it, told me the  
“ adventure by which he was reduced  
“ to the melancholy situation in which  
“ he was, and assured me he was now  
“ almost well. Nor let these welcome  
“ tidings

“ tidings be damped by any dread of  
“ insult or injury: for the same pilgrim,  
“ pursuing the story of your family,  
“ said he had, with his own eyes, seen  
“ Beauchamp dead and buried. Then  
“ let not your spirits be cast down,  
“ but look on this dawn of prosperity  
“ as the fore-runner of a long sunshine  
“ of felicity.”

The impatient baron, while the supposed page was yet speaking, broke up the seal of the letter, and finding the contents tally with her words, forgot in a moment all distance and ceremony; and, springing towards her, caught her familiarly by the hand, exclaiming,  
“ Dear youth, the first who, for these many  
“ days, has saluted my ears with the  
“ sound of a consolatory word, stay here  
“ till the return of my son, at least; for  
“ life, if you will; and, till I see my  
“ children, be thou to me instead of  
“ them; for having recovered my son  
“ from the jaws of death, gives me hopes  
“ that



"that I shall, ere long, regain my lost,  
"daughter."

Rosalind was extremely sensible of these affectionate expressions in her father, but could not yet gain the resolution to burst through her disguise, and tell him who she was. The day passed in conversation on various topics, but chiefly on the intelligence which Rosalind had brought; which the baron obliged her to repeat over and over again; but she carefully avoided all mention of the earl and Edmund.

At night, she was, by the baron's direction, shewn to an apartment, where she only staid till she thought every one was retired to rest, and then, availing herself of her knowledge of the castle, she stole softly to the door of her damsel's room, at which tapping gently, she called to her in a low voice, saying she brought her some news from squire Launcelot.

The damsel immediately opened the door; and the lady having, for some

time, amused herself with her simplicity, and anxiety to hear of the squire, at length told her who she was, and enjoining silence, desired her to conduct her to her own apartment, and furnish her with some of her usual apparel, without letting any one know of it.

The damsel complied with this request. Rosalind arose in the morning with the sun, and having written on a slip of paper, a few words, importing that she only waited for her father's permission to throw herself at his feet, and was within hearing, if he was pleased so call for her, laid it in the room where he was to take his breakfast, in a situation where he must necessarily see it, and secreted herself in an adjoining apartment.

As soon as the baron perceived the writing, he eagerly called on his daughter to return and bless his sight: and she instantly rushing in, fell at his feet, and, with a flood of tears, intreated his pardon for the uneasiness she had occasioned.



passioned him. He raised her with great affection, declaring, that he took all the blame to himself for what had happened; and that he should never forgive himself the blow his fury prompted him to give her the night she left the castle.

This introduced an explanation; in the course of which the lady informed him of the circumstances of her elopement, at some of which the baron could not restrain a smile, when he recollected how much he had embarrassed himself with vain and fruitless conjectures on the subject: but when, pursuing the thread of her adventures, Rosalind stated how much she had been indebted to the valour, and generosity of our hero; how disinterestedly he had assisted in the preservation of her brother's life, and how gallantly avenged his cause, he felt all that compunction of mind, and self-degradation, which a recollection of his unworthy treatment of that youth could not fail to inspire. These sentiments, which only a woman could have operated

operated upon him so strongly, that it required all his daughter's eloquence to convince him that he would ever seek an alliance with his family; or if he did, that he would ever after treat him with the least respect or complacency.

The baron charmed Rosalind with a description of Edmund's behaviour at the tournament, at which he had assisted, of which she had never before received a perfect account; and the joy she felt at being restored to her father, could hardly allay her impatience to see, in her proper form, the amiable youth, who, for her sake, had risked and suffered so much.

In a few days, common fame had blown all about the country the news of the return of the Knight of the White Rose; that the legate had, at the King's intercession, reversed his sentence of excommunication, and that he was already in possession of his estates. These reports soon received confirmation from the Earl Fitzowen himself, who came



to the castle with proposals from the knight, now Baron Mitravers, to the father of Rosalind.

The letters brought from our hero were couched in the most respectful terms of veneration and submission; and the baron immediately, on receipt of them, referred the earl to his daughter for a reply. Her answer lightened in her eyes, and animated every feature of her expressive countenance.

The earl also brought letters from Bertram, who was arrived in England, and pursuing his journey, by slow stages, to Montford Castle; and one from Cynthia, written from a convent in Normandy, containing a full acknowledgment of the duplicity of her conduct to her cousin, and of the impropriety of her behaviour since; and humbly soliciting, at the hands of her uncle, a pittance sufficient to maintain her in the convent, where she was resolved to end her days. A request which the baron afterwards complied

with in a very liberal manner, and appointed the payments to be made from his estates in Normandy, those of Beauchamp having, for want of heirs, devolved to the crown.

A courier was immediately dispatched to Edmund, with letters from the Baron de Montford and his daughter, and from the earl, in which they all united to request his speedy visit at the castle. Such requests were unnecessary, for he was but one day's journey off. He had met with Bertram, and accompanied him to within that distance, when it was agreed he should stay till he heard from the baron. Bertram was just setting off for the castle, when honest Launcelot, who still continued to attend him, recognized and stopped the courier.

As soon as they had read his dispatches, they all set out for the castle, where their arrival was celebrated with the most heart-felt joy. It left, for the time, not a wish ungratified, and the satisfaction it



it inspired in all the parties, was proportioned to the misery and anxiety they had previously felt.

The union of our hero and his amiable mistress was fixed for the third day after his arrival; as, in those simple times, little preparation was necessary; and it was the wish of all the nobles to get to London again, to assist at the approaching coronation. Matravers, out of delicacy to the baron, and to prevent all disagreeable recollections, gave no tournament. The marriage was performed privately, in the chapel of the neighbouring convent. The baron's vassals and tenants were invited, and the tables groaned under the loads laid on them by joy and hospitality.

A general surprize prevailed in the castle on the wedding-day, as the parties were feasting in the hall, to hear a great shout in the court yard. Launcelot was dispatched to learn the occasion, who soon returned with the intelligence, that

that it was the banditti, of whom our hero had been captain, who were drawn up in a body before the castle, and whose commander wished to speak with him.

He was immediately ushered in, and having, in very proper terms, congratulated Matravers on the recovery of his honors, and all present on their felicity, he proceeded to state that, understanding the king was returned, and that a war with France was in hand, they came to request their late captain to tender their services to the king, and to use his influence to get them accepted: they were willing to serve his majesty in war, or to cultivate such lands as he should assign them, or make themselves useful in the state in whatever way he should think proper. They confessed that their reason for such resolution was the intelligence which had reached them of the steps the king had taken for the suppression of people of their order.

through-



throughout the kingdom; that having dismissed the judges, on whose corruption they had relied, they had now no chance of escaping or evading justice. The whole band were feasted, in common with the rest of the visitors; and Edmund promised to take the captain with him to London, to shew him to the king, and to use his efforts to propitiate his majesty to his request; in all which he afterwards succeeded, and the banditti distinguished themselves much, and obtained many marks of the king's favor.

Our hero, and his lovely bride, the earl, the baron, and Bertram, with their respective squires, and attendants, appeared at court, at the coronation, with distinguished splendor; and did so much credit to their sovereign, in the eyes of the foreigners who witnessed that ceremony, that he felt great pride and pleasure in their appearance; while the grace and beauty of Edmund, and his incomparable lady

lady, were the means of universal celebrations, on which the judges, on whose conduct

The faithful protectors of Matravers's infancy, Gerbion and Sampson, were amply provided for on his estate; and honest Launcelot was, shortly after the coronation, married to his favourite damsel at the castle, and a suitable establishment made for him on the estate of the father of Rosalind.

That amiable lady, with her accomplished cavaliers, now experienced all the happiness of which human nature is capable; innocent and affectionate, no jarring passions agitated their bosoms, and their lives, though young, afforded them as much experience, as is necessary to the felicity of generous minds. Their time was passed partly at court, where they increased in favour with the king, and for the rest at their own estates, and those of the baron, and the earl.

Having thus conducted them to that goal, which is the prescribed limit of every



every work of this description, we close the narrative of their lives, leaving them loving and beloved, surrounded by every desirable possession, and their days brightened by every agreeable anticipation.

**F I N I S.**

every work of this description, we close  
 the narrative of their lives, leaving them  
 living and beloved by every  
 estimable possessor of their days.  
 ended by every



21 N 12







(231)

1491. c. 2.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15





UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
LIBRARY